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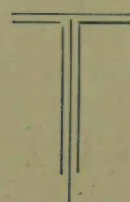


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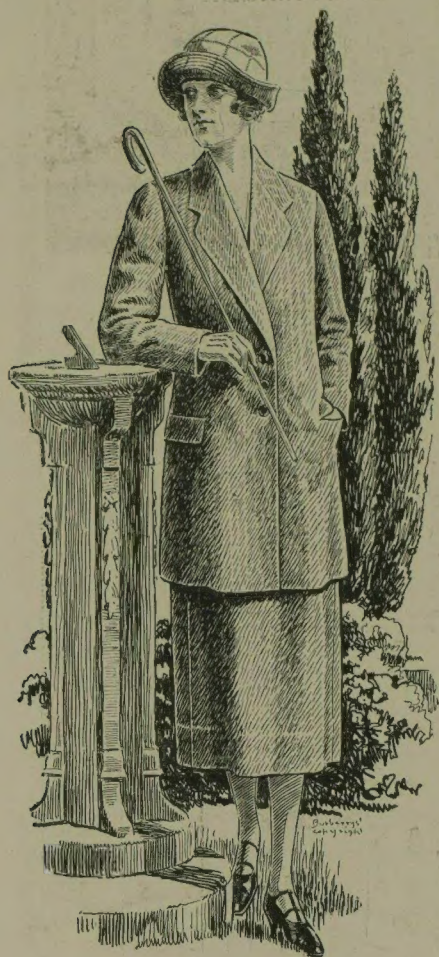
A
Happy
Reflection

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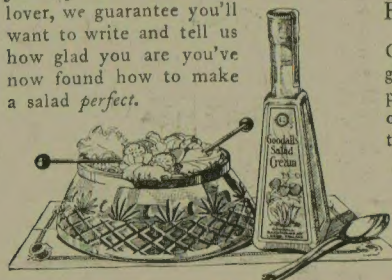
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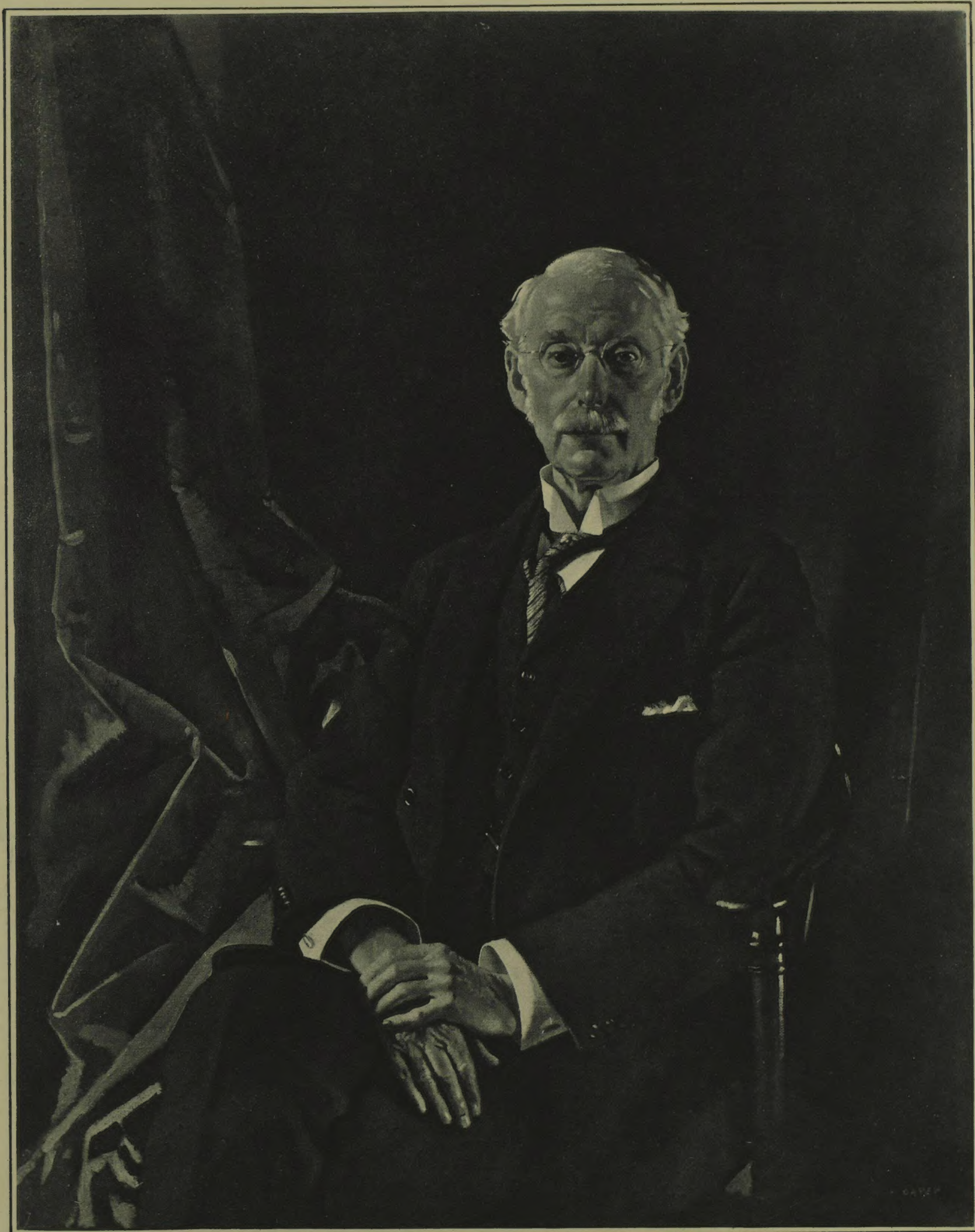
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1922.

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A BENEFACTOR TO SCIENCE PORTRAYED BY A FAMOUS PAINTER, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY:

"THE HON. SIR CHARLES PARSONS, K.C.B.," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

Sir William Orpen's portrait of Sir Charles Parsons, painted for presentation purposes, is one of the notable portraits of the year in the new exhibition at the Royal Academy. It also possesses a special interest connected with the sitter. Sir Charles Parsons, we learn, has presented £10,000 in War Loan stock to the British Association, of which he is a past President, thus saving it from the danger of having to restrict its activities in the promotion of scientific research,

owing to depleted funds. Sir Charles, who was born in 1854, is a son of the third Earl of Rosse, and was knighted in 1911. He is chairman of the famous electrical and engineering works of C. A. Parsons and Co. at Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and of the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company, Ltd., besides taking a leading share in several other concerns. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Society, High Sheriff of Northumberland, and a J.P. for that county.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

CERTAIN old buffers, not very distinguishable from old bullies, are fond of talking to the young about the illusions of enthusiasm. They and others rather fail to allow for the illusions of boredom. It is not merely a question of being too fond of a thing to see it impartially. There is also such a thing as being too bored with a thing to see it at all. But the thing is none the less solid because it is not seen. A man is none the less shutting his eyes to the truth because he shuts them in unaffected slumber.

Now England is in this very perilous position touching peace and war and a number of international things. But the logical point, which seems oddly neglected, could be as easily illustrated from trivialities as from tragedies. A young fool falls in love, and almost immediately falls out again; and very probably has a reaction against his late romance. He does not wish to think about the girl at all, still less to be reminded of the sonnet that he wrote to her eyebrow, or the time when he treasured a lock of her raven hair. But he will be a greater fool than ever if he proceeds to imagine that the girl no longer exists, or that she has not got any eyebrows, or that her hair is not really black but red, or possibly green. Because he is tired of contemplating her existence, it does not follow that she is tired of existing; or that she immediately ceases to exist. It is still a fact that she is black-haired, and very probably still a fact that she is beautiful; and these facts will operate without reference to his feelings. In other words, his indifference is quite as much of a delusion as his infatuation.

Now what he would be feeling about love most of us are feeling about war. There is a reaction against it as a romance; but that does not dispose of it as a reality. That we are sick of the subject does not make it merely subjective. Men would be monsters either of heartlessness or heroism, if they felt at the end of those five infernal years exactly what they felt when the first volunteers were roused by the outrage upon Belgium. But though the feelings of men naturally change, they will still suffer if they imagine that facts change with feelings. The facts would remain hard facts, even if the feelings were entirely healthy feelings. And it is not possible even for the healthiest men to be quite healthy in their recoil from such a strain. In fact, our phrase for such fatigue is quite correct. We may well say that men are sick of war; for this also is a sickness. The abhorrence of everything military is as abnormal as militarism. War-weariness is at least as deceptive as war-fever; both are delusions, and distort the reality of things. And that distortion just now is so mortally dangerous to England and Europe that, even in these idle jottings, I cannot refrain from setting it down as a thing as serious as it really is.

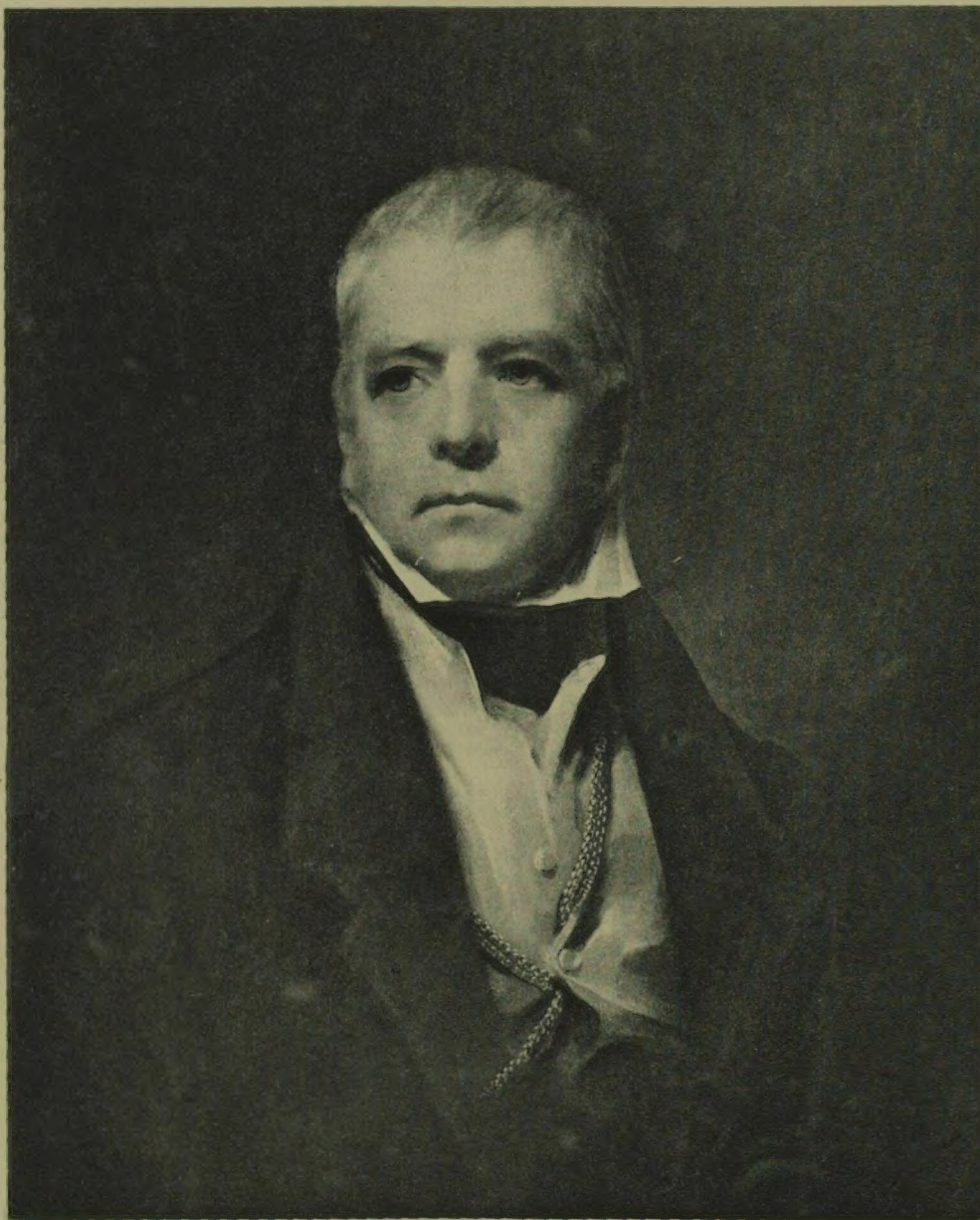
The newspapers are talking nonsense of the most deadly sort. For they are saying at once that England can forbid everything and cannot fight for anything. They imply that never again,

whatever happens, will we go to war; being moved in this not even by any honest lunacy of Tolstoyan ethics, but by the mere emotional ebb-tide or natural reaction of which I have spoken. And at the same time they lecture the French about the dreadful danger of their losing the invaluable English friendship, and incurring the terrible English enmity. The French will not unnaturally answer that they can hardly be permanently restrained by a friendship which will always refuse to support them, and an enmity which will always refuse to fight them. What on earth can we do with the French, if we are paralysed at once by pacifism and by separatism? How can we influence the French, if we must always have a

that has to be shouted; nor is it by any means true that everything is over except the shouting. And the case against the pacifism of the papers, now they are in an anti-military mood, is still the same simple case which they themselves urged against the pacifists for five years when they were in a military mood. It is still every bit as true, as when we first told it to Morel or Norman Angell, that we cannot always at once preserve peace and preserve justice, that whether we are peaceful depends on whether others are provocative, that we can never arbitrate if we always refuse to act, that if something is to be rescued it can only be done by militant energy and not by neutrality and nonentity, and that even that neutrality may not protect us from those who hold themselves at liberty to attack neutrals. All this is still true, though we did say it ourselves incessantly for five mortal years.

The English are a very moody people; which is one reason why they have produced so many great poets. They are at present in a very comprehensible mood of being tired of war and disgusted with politics. It is very defensible; because war is very tiring, and politics are very disgusting. But this is a moment when it is very dangerous to trust to the mood instead of the mind. Objective things outside us take no notice of our natural emotional reactions. Objective things are often objectionable things. But it will be very unlucky if they make themselves objectionable, at the exact moment when we are too bored with them even to object. Politics are a very wearisome thing, and politicians are very wearisome people; but this is the worst possible moment for them to do the wrong thing, merely because the world is too weary of them even to watch them. This is a very deadly and determining crisis in the diplomatic history of the world; and it is as essential that rulers of great nations should be right about it as ever it was in 1914. It is dangerous that they should be trusted if they are not trustworthy. It is more dangerous that they should be tolerated if they are not trusted. If, after making the effort of examination and vigilance, we come to the conclusion that they are trusted and trustworthy, by all means let us make whatever compromise they suggest. But just now it is sheer suicide to make the compromise because we cannot make the effort. It will

be none the less destructive because we shall not be rushing on destruction in our fury, but rather relapsing into destruction in our fatigue. Therefore I do most earnestly think it the duty of any Englishman at this moment to resist, and ask his countrymen to resist, the natural reaction of indifference. I do not ask him necessarily to agree with me about the problem; nor am I expounding my own solution of it here. I have always held, and still hold, that a strong alliance with France and Poland would give real peace to Europe, and gain real concessions for England. But apart from my own position, it is possible to warn a man not to allow his own to be determined by sub-conscious tedium. Let him take up what position he thinks best, so long as he does not sleep at his post.



THE PORTRAIT OF SCOTT PAINTED BY RAEURN FOR HIMSELF: "SIR WALTER SCOTT, BT., OF ABBOTSFORD." BY SIR HENRY RAEURN, R.A.

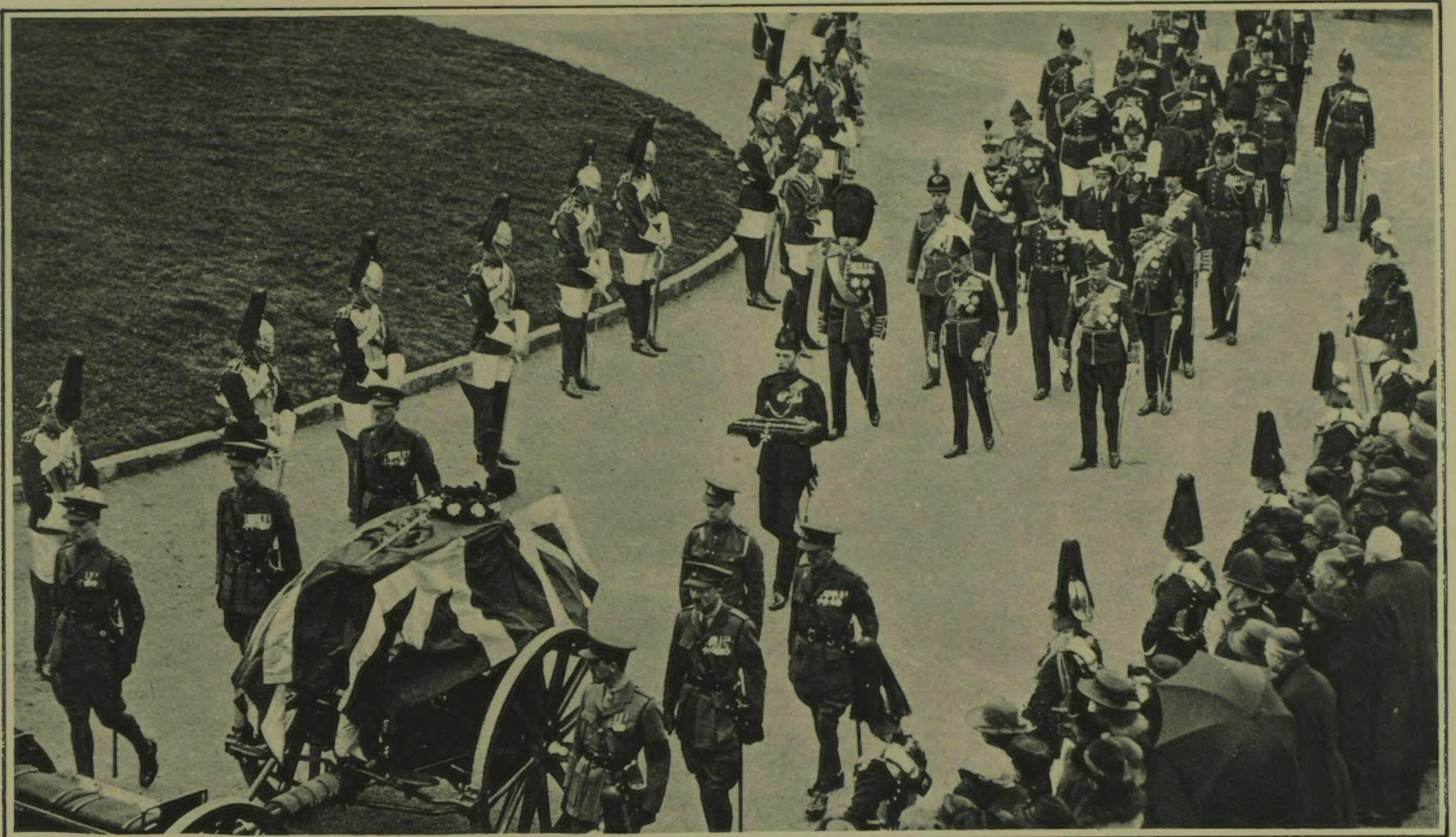
Writing a few days before the sale of the Burdett-Coutts Collection of Pictures and Drawings, Sir Henry Craik suggested that this portrait of Sir Walter Scott might well be bought by someone with the public spirit to prevent the irreparable loss which would occur should it leave our shores. It measures 29 inches by 24½ inches. In Mr. James Greig's "Life of Raeburn" is the following: "In the end Scott agreed to sit. This was in 1822. At the first sitting Scott told Raeburn that he might find a client for the portrait, to which Raeburn replied, 'You may for a copy, Sir Walter, but the portrait I am now painting is for myself, altho' it may find its way in time into your own family.'" It was sold by the artist's family, at Christie's, in 1877. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts bought it in 1888.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, the Auctioneers.]

conscientious objection to any co-operation with their plans and to any war on behalf of our own? How are we to be the dictators of Europe when we begin to bully by promising never to fight? How can we forbid the French to act alone, if we forbid ourselves to act at all?

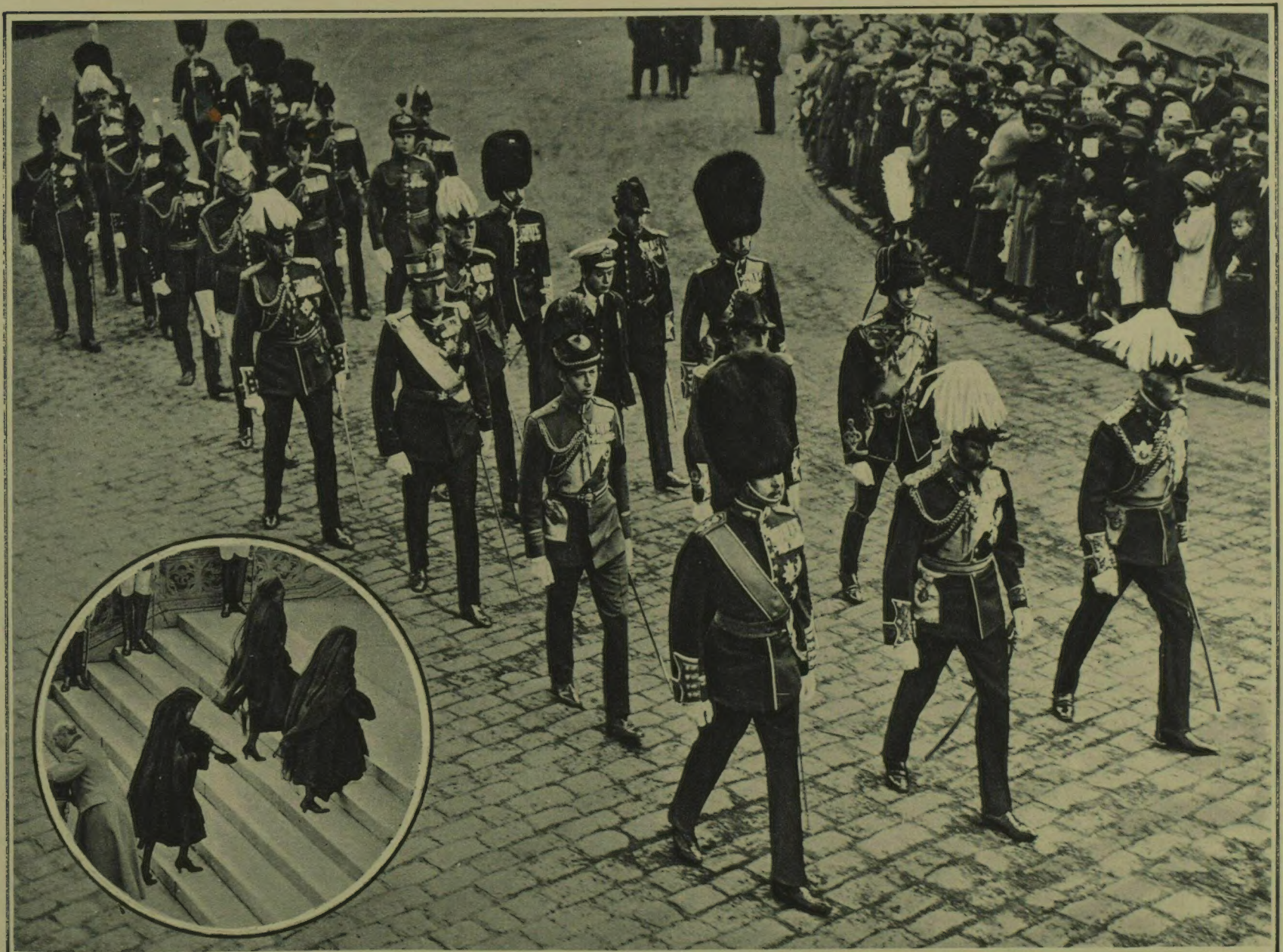
The French have had the advantage in the matter of never having been moved by mood or emotion, but having seen the facts of Europe in their solid sameness. Of course, they have felt the fatigue and the disgust as we have; but they have not acted on them. They have acted on the facts and in the light of reason and their own interests. It is not so much fun to shout that France is in danger at the end of a war as at the beginning of a war. But it may be just as much of a fact

ROYAL MOURNERS: LORD LEOPOLD MOUNTBATTEN'S FUNERAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



DRAPED IN THE UNION JACK AND BEARING LORD LEOPOLD'S BUSBY AND A WREATH TIED WITH HIS REGIMENT'S COLOURS: THE COFFIN ON A GUN-CARRIAGE FOLLOWED BY THE KING AND OTHER ROYAL MOURNERS.



HEADED BY THE KING BETWEEN THE MARQUESS OF CARISBROOKE (LEFT) AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT: ROYAL MOURNERS FOLLOWING THE COFFIN—(INSET) THREE OF THE ROYAL LADIES ASCENDING THE STEPS OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

The funeral of the King's first cousin, Major Lord Leopold Mountbatten, G.C.V.O., son of Princess Beatrice and brother of the Queen of Spain and the Marquess of Carisbrooke, took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on May 1. On the coffin were laid red and white carnations, tied with the red and green colours of Lord Leopold's regiment, the King's Royal Rifles, with which he served in the war. Behind the gun-carriage walked (as seen in our photographs) from left to right—(first row) the Marquess of Carisbrooke, the King, and the Duke

of Connaught; (second row) the Duke of York, the Marquess of Milford Haven, and Prince Henry; (third row) the Infante Alfonso of Bourbon-Orleans, Prince George, and Viscount Lascelles; (fourth row) the Earl of Athlone, the Marquess of Cambridge, and Captain the Hon. Alexander Ramsay. At the West Door of St. George's Chapel the procession was awaited by the Queen, Princess Beatrice, the Queen of Spain, the Princess Royal (representing Queen Alexandra), Princess Mary, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, with other royal ladies and the clergy.

A BOLSHEVIST "GALA NIGHT" IN MOSCOW!—A CAP- AND SHIRT-SLEEVES AUDIENCE AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

PHOTOGRAPH BROUGHT FROM RUSSIA BY M. ANDRÉ MORIZEL.

AND INCLUDED IN HIS BOOK, "CHEZ LÉNINE ET TROTSKI."



WITH A PLACARD, "SMOKING STRICTLY PROHIBITED," HUNG UNDER THE FORMER
AND ORDERS, OCCUPIED BY A TYPICAL

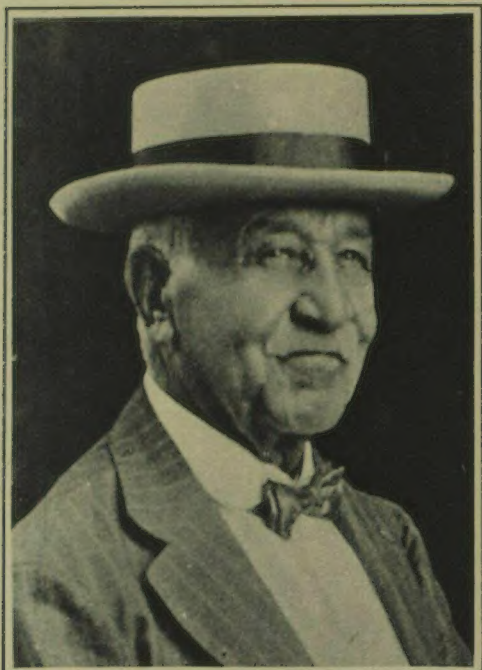
IMPERIAL BOX: THE GRAND THEATRE AT MOSCOW, ONCE A-GLITTER WITH JEWELS
BOLSHEVIST AUDIENCE, MOSTLY MEN.

What a contrast is presented here between the Moscow of the old régime and the Moscow of Lenin and Trotsky! In former days the Opera House was the scene of brilliant assemblages of beautiful women glittering with jewels, and men resplendent in orders and decorations. To-day the house is filled with a rough crowd, mostly of men in shirt-sleeves and many wearing caps. Men, it will be seen, fill most of the stalls, and very few women are visible. Is the change in Russian conditions for the better? A close study of the faces in the photograph does not show much evidence of joy; rather, at the best, of tired resignation. A significant comment on the manners of the modern Moscow audience is the fact that it has been found

necessary to hang, under the old imperial box, a placard inscribed, "Smoking strictly prohibited." Our readers may remember that we illustrated a typical Bolshevik party in the imperial box, in our issue of December 11, 1920, in a double-page drawing by Mr. A. Forestier, based on the experiences of Mrs. Clare Sheridan in Moscow. She recorded that her enjoyment at the theatre was "neutralised by the concentrated aroma which arose from the great unwashed," and she was disgusted by the lack of chivalry on the part of the men, who occupied the best seats and left many women standing. As already pointed out, the same principle of *place aux hommes* seems to hold good still.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK; AN IRISH STRIKE; AND SPORT.

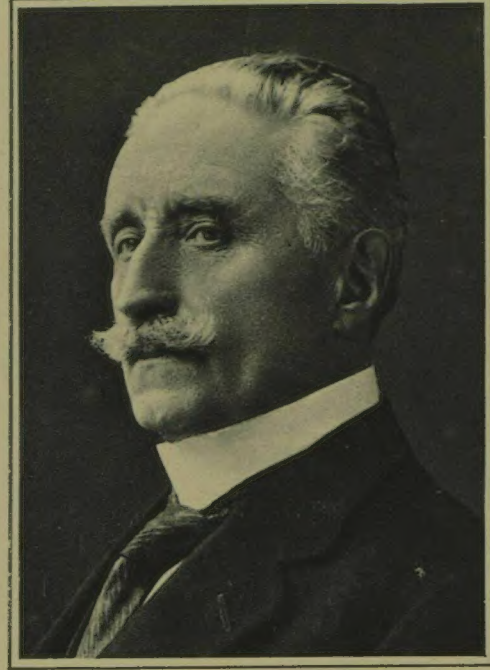
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, LAFAYETTE, MANUEL, L.N.A. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



A FAMOUS "BOSS" OF TAMMANY HALL:
THE LATE MR. RICHARD CROKER.



PAINTER OF THE "PICTURE OF THE YEAR" AT THE ROYAL
ACADEMY: MR. CHARLES SIMS, R.A., AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.



EX-PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC:
THE LATE M. PAUL DESCHANDEL.



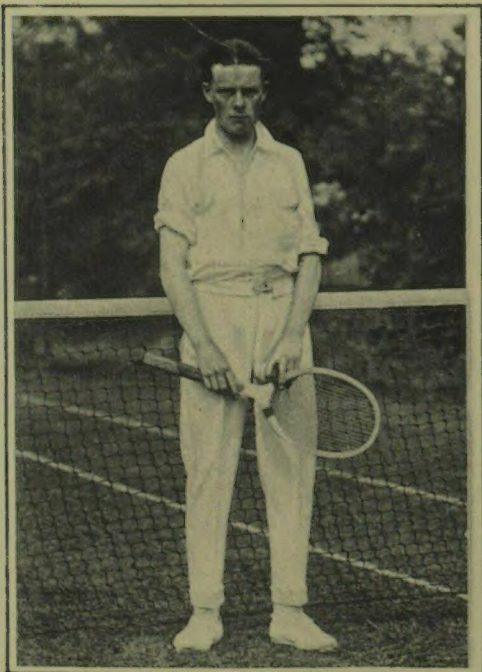
THE VOICE OF IRISH LABOUR AGAINST
REBEL MILITARISM: MR. JOHNSTON.



THE ONE-DAY STRIKE IN IRELAND AS A PROTEST AGAINST REBEL MILITARISM:
O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN, "DESERTED" AT ITS BUSIEST HOUR.



WOMAN'S VOICE IN THE LABOUR PROTEST
AGAINST IRISH MILITARISM: MISS CALLANAN.



WINNER OF THE OPEN SINGLES IN THE ROEHAMPTON
LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT: MR. B. I. C. NORTON.



WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES AT NEWMARKET:
MR. B. W. PARR'S SILVER URN.



WINNER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE LONDON-TO-
BRIGHTON WALK AGAIN: MR. H. B. S. RHODES.

Mr. Richard Croker was "Boss" of Tammany Hall, the Democratic organisation of New York City, from 1886 till he retired in 1903. Later he settled at Glencairn, County Dublin (where he died on April 29), and went in for breeding racehorses, winning the Derby with Orby in 1907. He was born at Clonakilty, County Cork, in 1841.—Mr. Charles Sims's portrait of "The Countess of Rocksavage and her Son" (reproduced on another page) has been hailed as "the picture of the year" in the Royal Academy.—M. Paul Deschanel was elected President of the French Republic in January 1920. In the following May, while suffering from nervous exhaustion due to overwork, he fell out of a train, with effects on his health that compelled him to resign.—On April 24 there was a complete cessation

of work in all Ireland outside Ulster as a protest against the O'Connor party's military interference with civil rights and liberties. Labour meetings were addressed in Dublin by various speakers, including Mr. Johnston, Secretary of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, and Miss Callanan, President of the Women's Productive Workers' Dublin Branch.—Mr. B. I. C. Norton beat Mr. M. J. C. Ritchie in the final Open Singles of the Roehampton Lawn Tennis Tournament, by 6-1, 6-1, 6-1.—Mr. B. W. Parr's filly, Silver Urn (B. Carslake up), won the One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket by two lengths.—Mr. H. B. S. Rhodes won the Stock Exchange London-to-Brighton Walk, for the third time, on April 29, covering the 51 miles 1607 yards in 9 hours 13 min. 55 sec.

THE BIRTH OF NATIONAL OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN: THE *PREMIÈRE*.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



COVENT GARDEN PACKED FOR THE OPENING PERFORMANCE OF THE BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY: AN IMPRESSION OF THE HOUSE DURING "LA BOHÈME"—ACT II, "A STREET IN THE LATIN QUARTER, PARIS."

The prospects of re-establishing English Opera on the grand scale at Covent Garden, and on national lines, appear to be very bright, judging by the great success of the British National Opera Company's opening performance. They inaugurated their season, on May 1, with Puccini's popular opera, "La Bohème," and the great house was packed for the occasion. The part of Mimi was sung by Miss Miriam Licette, and that of Musetta by Miss Olive Townend, while the

four "Bohemian" students were represented by Messrs. Tudor Davies, Percy Heming, William Anderson, and Powell Edwards. Mr. Percy Pitt conducted. The performance was of high quality, and the reception was enthusiastic. Evidently the opera public, while retaining former devotees, is increasing in numbers, largely, no doubt, by reason of the democratic basis on which the company is organised.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The Best of the Book

CAN THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST BE REACHED? RAREFIED AIR v. RED CORPUSCLES.*

IN 1849, Mount Everest was merely Peak XV. to the officers of the Great Trigonometrical Survey who were making observations from the plains of India to those peaks in Nepal which could be seen from there, and Kanchenjunga was believed to be the highest mountain of the world.

Three years later the records yielded their chief surprise. Heights were being calculated, and one day "the Bengali Chief Computer rushed into the room of the Surveyor-General, Sir Andrew Waugh, breathlessly exclaiming, 'Sir, I have discovered the highest mountain in the world! The mean result of all the observations taken from the six stations from which Peak XV. had been observed came to 29,002 feet, and this Peak XV. is what is now known as Mount Everest.'"

Since then it has been a lure for the adventurous—for those climbers who, as Sir Francis Younghusband puts it in his rhapsodic yet sternly practical Introduction to the story of the reconnaissance of 1921, ever desire to reach a greater height than they have yet attained. "Their standard of achievement rises. And so it has come about that mountaineers, when they had climbed the highest heights in Europe, went off to the Caucasus, to the Andes, and eventually to the Himalaya to climb something higher still. Freshfield conquered the Caucasus, Whymper and Conway the Andes, and the assault upon the Himalaya is now in full swing."

If the present attempt fails, it will not be for lack of courage or of foresight. It may be baulked by vagaries of climate, by snow, blizzard, and rain; by accident; by illness; by cold; by difficulties of transport, leading to failure of food or fuel; by carriers; by rock falls; by lack of camping-place; even, though this seems doubtful, by one of those avalanches which are almost a convulsion of nature; especially by mountain-sickness, "a state in which physical exertion exhausts the body abnormally and causes a remarkable disinclination to further exertion."

Most probably, however, if success be lacking, it will be because man has not been able to attune himself to the necessary effort in air as rarefied as it is at twenty-nine thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Sir Francis notes: "The climbers are unwittingly carrying out an experiment of momentous consequence to mankind. They are testing the capacity of the human race to stand the highest altitudes on this earth which is its home. No scientific man, no physiologist or physician, can say for certain whether or not a human body can reach a height of 29,000 feet above the sea. We know that in an aeroplane he can be carried up to a much greater height. But we do not know whether he can climb on his own feet such an altitude. . . . Conway reached 23,000 feet; Kellas, 23,186 feet; Longstaff, 23,360 feet; Dr. Workman, 23,000 feet; Kellas and Meade, 23,600 feet; and the Duke of the Abruzzi, 24,600 feet."

During their reconnaissance last year, Messrs. George H. Leigh-Mallory and G. H. Bullock attained the Chang La (North Col), 23,000 feet; and from there—the only feasible route—this year's

assault on the summit is being made. From advanced base to top, the distance to be traversed is about two miles. But what a two miles they must prove!

"As far as can be judged from the numerous photographs of Mount Everest, the climbing is straightforward, with no insurmountable difficulties in the form of steep rock precipices. . . . But the final ascent will test the endurance of the climbers to the utmost. Many people have found the last 1000 feet of Mont Blanc more than they could accomplish. The last 1000 feet of Mount Everest will only be conquered by men whose physique is perfect, and who are trained and acclimatised to the last possible limit, and who have the determination to struggle on when every fibre of their body is calling out—'Hold! Enough!'"

All the authorities agree. Lieutenant-Colonel Howard-Bury writes: "Whether the task is capable of accomplishment I will not attempt to say, though I should think the chances are on the whole against success. If Mount Everest were 6000, or even 5000, feet lower, I think there can be no doubt that it could be climbed. . . . The

be more exhausting than those at lower elevations; and it may well be that the nature of the ground will turn the scale against the climber. For him it is all-important that he should be able to breathe regularly, the demand upon his lungs along the final arête cannot fail to be a terrible strain, and anything like a tussle up some steep obstacle which would interfere with the regularity of his breathing might prove to be an ordeal beyond his strength."

Professor Norman Collie notes: "Unless climbing above 24,000 feet is moderately easy, and no strenuous work is required, it could not be accomplished. For in the rarefied air at high altitudes there is insufficient oxygen to promote the normal oxidation of bodily tissue. Above 20,000 feet a cubic foot of air contains less than half the amount of oxygen that it does at sea-level. As the whole metabolism of the body is kept in working order by the oxygen supplied through the lungs, the obvious result of high altitudes is to interfere with the various processes occurring in the system. The combustion of bodily material is less, the amount of energy produced is therefore less also, and so capacity for work is diminished progressively as one ascends."

On the other hand: "Although it is true that at high altitudes there is less oxygen to breathe, the body rapidly protects itself by increasing the number of red blood corpuscles. These red corpuscles are the carriers of oxygen from the air to the various parts of the body. An increased number of carriers means an increase of oxygen to the body. It is just possible, therefore, that anyone properly acclimatised to, say, 23,000 feet, would be able to ascend the remaining 6000 feet, to the summit of Mount Everest. Moreover, if oxygen could be continuously supplied to



WIND BLOWING SNOW OFF THE MOUNTAIN: MOUNT EVEREST FROM THE 20,000-FOOT CAMP.

Reproduced from "Mount Everest," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Edward Arnold and Co.

difficulties are all connected with its altitude. If the snow is soft and powdery, and the conditions are such as we met with so often; or if, again, there is difficult rock-climbing in the last 2000 or 3000 feet of the climb, I do not think the summit will be reached. I cannot say what the effect will be if oxygen is taken to aid the human efforts. I only know that cylinders of oxygen are very uncomfortable and heavy to carry, and that to wear a mask over the mouth and to climb so equipped would not seem to be very feasible or pleasant. Living at great heights, and trying to sleep at great heights, lowers the vitality enormously."

Then there is Mr. Leigh-Mallory, who says: "It is at least probable that the obstacles presented by this mountain could be overcome by any competent party if they met them in the Alps. But it is a very different matter to be confronted with such obstacles at elevations between 23,000 and 29,000 feet. We do not know that it is physiologically possible at such high altitudes for the human body to make the efforts required to lift itself up even on the simplest ground." But he is able to add: "Nothing perhaps was so astonishing in the party of reconnaissance as the rapidity with which they became acclimatised and capable of great exertions between 18,000 and 21,000 feet. Where is the limit of this process? Will the multiplication of red corpuscles continue so that men may become acclimatised much higher? . . . In any case it is to be expected that efforts above 23,000 feet will

the climbers by adventitious aid, there is little doubt that 29,000 feet could be reached."

The same expert continues: "All flyers in aeroplanes at high altitudes find oxygen absolutely necessary. In mountain-climbing, however, the almost insuperable difficulty is the weight of the apparatus supplying the oxygen. As far as possible, the weight has been reduced to a minimum. A large number of cylinders, the lightest and smallest obtainable, have been sent out full of compressed oxygen, and it is hoped that they will be capable of being used by the party that will attempt to climb to the summit of Mount Everest. If the climbers are capable of carrying them, and so getting a continuous supply of oxygen during the whole of the climb, there is little doubt that climbing up to 29,000 feet is possible."

So much for one phase—one little, but all-important, phase—of "Mount Everest: The Reconnaissance." For the rest, it should be added that the record as a whole—whether it be the general story by Colonel Howard-Bury; the tale of the reconnaissance by Mr. Leigh-Mallory; natural history by Mr. A. F. R. Wollaston; the appreciation by Professor Collie; or the illuminating appendices—is as fascinating and picturesque as it is valuable. It will rank with the best of its kind, and is assured of a success that is exceptionally well deserved. It will satisfy both the expert and the casual reader, and there can be nothing but praise for all concerned in it. E. H. G.

* "Mount Everest: The Reconnaissance, 1921," By Lieutenant-Colonel C. K. Howard-Bury, D.S.O., and Other Members of the Mount Everest Expedition. With Illustrations and Maps. (Edward Arnold and Co.; 25s. net.)



**WILL RAREFIED AIR DEFEAT THE CLIMBERS SEEKING TO REACH ITS TOP?—THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT EVEREST,
THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.**

Mount Everest is 29,002 feet high. This year's assault upon it, which is due to begin early this month, will be made from the Chang La (North Col; 23,000 feet), the only route deemed feasible by last year's reconnaissance party. From advanced base to top, the distance to be traversed is about two miles. If the climbers fail, it is likely to be by reason of the rarefied air. If they can carry the cylinders, however, they will be aided by oxygen

artificially supplied, and, in that case, they may reach the summit. Experts' opinions on the subject are quoted in our "Best of the Book" article. "Climbing at 25,000 feet would be very slow," Sir Martin Conway has said, "not more, probably, than a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet an hour. What it would be at 28,000 feet and thence on to 29,000 feet I do not know."

Reproduced from "Mount Everest: The Reconnaissance, 1921." By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Edward Arnold and Co.—[See Article opposite.]

A FOOTBALL "WAR OF THE ROSES": YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE TEAMS MEET IN THE CUP FINAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N. I.B., AND GENERAL AEROPHOTO CO., LTD.



WATCHED BY A CROWD OF 55,000 PEOPLE, INCLUDING THE DUKE OF YORK, WHO PRESENTED THE CUP TO THE WINNERS, SHOWING THE HUDDERSFIELD GOAL ON THE RIGHT, AND PRESTON ON THE LEFT. THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP FINAL AT STAMFORD BRIDGE—A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE MATCH AND THE SPECTATORS.



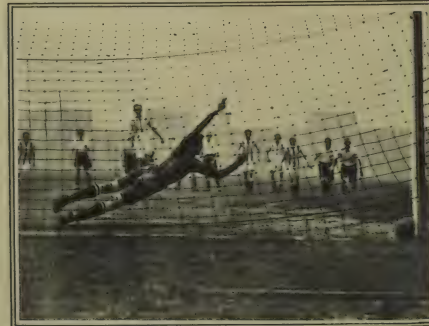
A FINE SAVE BY J. P. MITCHELL, PRESTON'S "AMATEUR" GOALKEEPER, FROM A SHOT BY SMITH: A HUDDERSFIELD ATTACK IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE GAME.



SHOWING SMITH (EXTREME LEFT) DASHING TOWARDS THE PRESTON GOAL AFTER SHOOTING, AND MITCHELL (THE GOALKEEPER) SAVING: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME INCIDENT.



JUST BEFORE HUDDERSFIELD'S PENALTY KICK, WHICH GAVE THEM VICTORY: HAMILTON, THE PRESTON BACK (ON THE GROUND), TRYING TO STOP SMITH, A HUDDERSFIELD FORWARD.



THE PENALTY GOAL BY WHICH HUDDERSFIELD WON: SMITH (WITH LEG RAISED), WHO TOOK THE KICK, AND MITCHELL (THE PRESTON "GOALIE") FAILING TO SAVE.



AN AIRMAN'S VIEW OF THE CUP FINAL: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE, SHOWING THE HUDDERSFIELD GOAL AT THE NEAR END, AND THE MASSES OF SPECTATORS WATCHING THE MATCH.

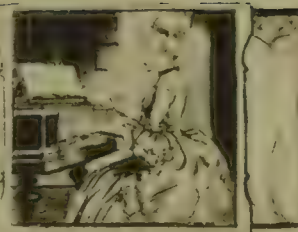
The final of the Football Association Cup, between Huddersfield Town and Preston North End, was played on the Chelsea Football Club's ground at Stamford Bridge on Saturday, April 29. Huddersfield won by one penalty goal (the only one kicked during the match) to nil. The referee's decision which awarded the penalty kick to Huddersfield, on the ground that Smith, one of their forwards, had been tripped by Hamilton, a Preston back, was the subject of much controversy. The Duke of York watched the match and afterwards presented the Cup to the winning team. The crowd of spectators numbered some 55,000.

including many supporters of the white and red roses who had travelled up from Yorkshire and Lancashire. In the photographs the Huddersfield men can be distinguished by their striped jerseys (of blue and white) with white shorts, and the Preston team by their plain white shirts with dark-blue knickers. It was officially announced that this was the last Cup Final to be played at Stamford Bridge, as next year's match is to take place in the great enclosure at Wembley constructed for the British Empire Exhibition.



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By E. J. DENT.



ENGLISH SINGERS AND GERMAN AUDIENCES.

DURING the last year or so a good deal of attention has been drawn to concerts of English music and English musicians on the Continent, more especially in Germany and Austria. Long before the war it was quite usual for serious English performers to give concerts in Germany, and a certain number of attempts were made to perform English music there, but, whatever success the performers may have had, the music made very little favourable impression. Recently a change seems to have taken place. There is much more interest taken about English music in England itself, and, indeed, there is much more English music being composed in which interest can honestly be taken. A still more potent inducement to missionary enterprise is the fact that concert-giving in Germany is comparatively cheap, owing to the rate of the exchange.

It would be invidious to discuss here the various merits of the performers who have gone to Ger-

very professional, while the normal attitude of England to English musical life is characteristically amateur in spirit.

I insist on these preliminaries because a few weeks ago a concert took place in Berlin which produced very surprising results. Early in January the "English Singers" (Misses Flora Mann, Winifred Whelen, Lilian Berger; Messrs. Stuart Wilson, Clive Carey and Cuthbert Kelly) had sung English madrigals in Prague and had met with enthusiastic admiration. That success was gratifying, but not astonishing. The Bohemians have themselves a great tradition of unaccompanied singing; they are at this moment very anxious to dissociate themselves in every way from Germany, and they are for political reasons most anxious to cultivate the friendship of England. It was natural enough that they should go to an English concert predisposed in favour of English music. Encouraged by their success in Prague, the "English Singers" ventured to give a concert in Berlin on March 30. It was their first appearance in Germany. The hall, which holds just over 600, was quite full, and the audience a very distinguished one. There were hardly any English people present, but a great many notabilities of the musical world of Berlin; it was an audience that was highly cultivated and keenly critical. From the very first they showed their appreciation of the performance; the enthusiasm, though very different in character from the more exuberant and spontaneous applause of Prague, grew steadily as the programme proceeded, and at the end of the evening there was a striking demonstration of welcome. At Prague, one might say, the audience was captivated; at Berlin it was convinced.

The "English Singers" started against considerable difficulties. It seems perfectly obvious to any Englishman that the German is a figure of fun; less obvious, perhaps, that the Englishman is equally a figure of fun to the German mind. Many people were tempted to laughter when six typically English figures walked on to the platform and seated themselves comfortably and informally at a table. There was a complete absence of the usual professional platform manners. The moment they began to sing, the audience was hushed. What conquered the German audience at once was the faultless technique of their singing. There was no incompetent amateurism about that. The faultlessness of the technique not only won the audience's respect; it made it perfectly easy for them to enter into the spirit of music that was quite unfamiliar to them. Even to the learned there was much in those English madrigals that was strange and new. But they gradually accustomed themselves to the idiom, and as they grew

intimate way; the performers whom we like best are those who make us forget that we are in a concert room and create the illusion that we are guests in their own houses. That is not at all a Continental idea. The "English Singers" actually succeeded in bringing it home completely to a Berlin audience.

Here, our German friends felt and said openly, was something new and wonderful in music. They



THE HUNGRY COUNT AND THE TANTALISING HAM: MR. SEYMOUR HICKS (CENTRE) AND MR. STANLEY LOGAN (LEFT), IN "THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES," AT THE GARRICK.

Mr. Seymour Hicks continues his great success in "The Man in Dress Clothes." Here he (as the Count) and his friend, both penniless, try to cadge a dinner at a restaurant.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

many, the criticisms which they have received, or the accounts which various papers, English and foreign, have given of their successes. But it is well to bear in mind the native German point of view. For a hundred years Germany has had the reputation of being the most musical country in the world. And in Germany, along with this proud tradition of Germany as the land of music, and of music as the chief glory of Germany, there has grown up a fixed belief that England is absolutely and entirely unmusical. We English people are often very much nettled at coming across this belief. It is true that in individual cases Germans are quite willing to recognise musical ability in English people; but never in England as a whole.

This general attitude wholly persists at the present day, although many German critics are surprisingly well informed about what is going on outside Germany, and German musicians are in private life unstintedly kind and cordial to the English colleagues with whom they come into direct personal contact. But it must be remembered that German musicians and the German music-loving public, considered in the mass, have had seven years of intensive cultivation of German music. They are painfully and acutely conscious of the financial situation. People who can barely afford to pay for a single concert ticket are not likely to look with an altogether friendly eye on strangers who can hire their concert halls and their orchestras to perform strange and unattractive music with a complete indifference as to how much they may lose on the transaction. We know in England how the struggling professional regards the wealthy and incompetent amateur. That is the inevitable attitude of Germany to England in the matter of music: all the more inevitable because, apart from all financial considerations, the normal attitude of Germany to its own music is



FURIOUS (BUT INNOCENT) HUSBAND AND ACCUSING WIFE: MISS EDYTH GOODALL AS LIZ AND MR. TRISTAN RAWSON AS JAN, IN "IF FOUR WALLS TOLD," AT THE ROYALTY.

In Mr. Edward Percy's play, "If Four Walls Told," Jan Rysing is wrongly suspected by his wife, Liz, of being the father of his brother's illegitimate child.—[Photograph by Stage Photo, Co.]

acknowledged with the most generous frankness that it was absolutely first-rate, judged by the severest standards; that it was absolutely and completely English, and that it represented an artistic accomplishment of a kind that simply did not exist anywhere in Germany. There are madrigal choirs in Germany and a keen appreciation of them; but critics told me that they were not for a moment to be compared with the "English Singers."

This English triumph in Germany is of importance, not so much because the "English Singers" have convinced the Germans that there is a really English art of music, as because of the particular kind of music which has brought about this conversion. The fine accomplishment of the "English Singers" is the result of learning and of research. The German critics who said it was traditional in England were not quite right. The "English Singers'" style is a protest against bad traditions. That sensitive and supple interpretation by which they bring out the hidden loveliness of our old English composers has not been handed down from singer to singer. It has been deliberately reconstructed by the scientific erudition of Dr. E. H.

Fellows. He and the "English Singers" have shown Germany, if they have not yet convinced England, that such beauty as this comes not from inspiration, but from scholarship.



FRATRICIDE TO SAVE POSTERITY FROM A DEADLY WAR INVENTION: MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE AS A WAR WIDOW AND MR. LEWIS CASSON AS HER INVENTOR-BROTHER, IN "PROGRESS," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

Mr. St. John Ervine's play, "Progress," is one of the chief thrills in the new "Grand Guignol" series at the Little Theatre. It is the story of a woman who, having lost husband and son in the war, kills her brother, the inventor of a deadly new war machine.—[Photograph by Stage Photo, Co.]

to understand the old English music better and better, they began to see that the informality of its presentation gave it an added charm. We English people always like to enjoy music in an

WITH BORNEO WARRIORS: MALAYA'S WELCOME TO THE PRINCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



A "WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES" AT KUALA LUMPUR: ARCHES ERECTED BY CHINESE OF SELANGOR.



IN DECORATIVE "TOP HATS" AND LOINCLOTHS: A DANCE BY TRIBESMEN FROM BORNEO, COME TO SINGAPORE TO SEE THE PRINCE.



WITH THEIR "CURVED AND ARABESQUED SHIELDS AND TUFTED SPEARS": DYAKS FROM BORNEO WELCOMING THE PRINCE AT SINGAPORE.



BETWEEN LINES OF GIRL GUIDES: THE SULTANS OF PAHANG, KEDAH, KELANTAN, AND TRENGGANU AT THE PADANG, SINGAPORE.



HOLDING THE SKULL OF A FALLEN FOE: A DYAK WOMAN FROM BORNEO AT SINGAPORE.



"CHARMINGLY ATTIRED IN SCANTY BANDS OF RUSSET SILK WEIGHTED WITH GOLD": A GROUP OF DYAK WOMEN FROM BORNEO AT SINGAPORE.

From Ceylon the Prince of Wales went to Malaya, arriving in the "Renown" on March 28, at Deep Water Point, where he landed and thence motored, accompanied by the Sultan of Perak, to Kuala Lumpur. The city was brilliantly decorated, and triumphal arches had been erected by each of the Malay States. At the Padang presentations took place, and an address of welcome was read before some 10,000 spectators. Girl Guides and Boy Scouts lined the way to the dais. On March 31 the Prince arrived at Singapore. Driving to Government House, he passed what Mr. Perceval Landon describes as "the strangest collection of head-hunters, pirates, and savages that were ever lined up. . . . From British North

Borneo came men armed with parangs hilted with carved ivory, and plumed, each one, with human hair; and their chests and backs protected by armour of python scale or clouded leopard, or mere goat or fish skin, with scales as big as those of tarpon. . . . Dyaks were there, naked for the fight save for loincloth and garters of horse-hair and hammered brass wire, but ready for any man behind their curved and arabesqued shields and tufted spears. Many of the men bore traces of feudal strife, and nearly all were heavily tattooed. In the midst of this untutored barbarism stood a group of about twenty women, charmingly attired in scanty bands of russet silk weighted with gold."

Where Income-Tax is Dodged on Principle:

FRANCE AND THE "IMPÔT SUR LE REVENU."

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

IT is astonishing with what difficulty the income tax, so firmly rooted in the fiscal system of England, obtains a precarious footing in Continental countries—especially in France. France adopted the *impôt sur le revenu* from England just before the war, but this method of taxation is still

become a necessity of life to the Frenchman, the amount of revenue received from this source must be tremendous. There are actually entertainments which pay over fifty per cent. of their takings to the public authorities. In short, for the Frenchman there are taxes to right of him, and taxes to left of him, and taxes all round him. From his cradle to his grave he must keep his hand in his pocket—at least, during those periods of his progress in which he possesses pockets.

But the French theory is that everyone is equal before the *impôt*. There must be no law for the rich and another for the poor. The poor man proudly claims his right to contribute as much as the rich man. Carried to extremes, this conception of equality is, of course, absurd, and one cannot help smiling sometimes at the flamboyant eloquence of certain writers in the newspapers who are still engaged in tilting at the income tax. But somehow many thousands of Frenchmen are yet unable to reconcile themselves to what they believe to be the unfairness of levying taxes upon salaries rather than upon commodities.

In other words, the whole French tradition favours indirect taxation rather than direct taxation; it calls for payments on goods and not on persons, on expenditure and not on income. The more a man disburses, whether on pleasure or on necessities, the more he should hand over to the State. What he receives has, argue the French, nothing to do with anyone but himself. He resents any inquisition, any impertinent inquiry into his personal affairs.

This is because he has not yet become accustomed to the incidence of the ten-year-old income tax.

Why, he cries, should the State ask what he earns, and claim the right of looking into his accounts? That is objectionable prying into the most intimate recesses of his life. And, when one thinks of it, the Frenchman really draws a much sharper distinction between his public and his private life than does the Englishman; for example, divorce cases must not be recorded in the French newspapers. By way of contrast, look at the English newspapers! His relations with his banker are as purely personal as his relations with his wife.

Moreover, when the income tax was instituted in France the machinery for its efficient collection was not instituted. It is complained that, while officials have multiplied in other departments, they have not been proportionately multiplied in this department. The result is that fiscal evasion is comparatively easy. Commonly it is said that the taxable capacity of France cannot greatly exceed twenty milliards of francs a year, and this estimate is probably near the mark. The Frenchman is doing his share, but it remains true that there is room for greater vigilance in the detection of fraud. The income-tax collecting might well be screwed up.

There can be little doubt that an exceedingly large proportion of Frenchmen dodge the tax altogether, simply making no returns; while an even larger proportion gets out of a portion of the legal dues. This is not conscious dishonesty; it is merely that the tax is not understood, has not had time to enter fully into the normal life of the country, is not accepted philosophically (if with grumbling) as in England, but is resented and detested, is mentally opposed even by some of the officials who should press for payments, and is generally considered to be an exotic custom somewhat akin to those customs of Eastern Europe which permit brigands to levy their recognised claims on unfortunate travellers in the mountainous regions. We are all travellers in mountainous regions, and the brigands still operate. France is all for the suppression of the brigands.

This is not by way of arguing against the income tax, but only by way of explaining how it comes about that the British patiently endure even a 6s. in the £1 rate, while the French, after only a few years' experience, cannot but regard the tax as unfair, inquisitorial, and an experiment of doubtful value.



THE GLUT OF PAPER MONEY IN AUSTRIA: A SAFE CONTAINING 6½ MILLIARDS IN 10,000-CROWN NOTES.

sternly resisted, and, indeed, the payments are notoriously inadequate under this head.

No class of society really accepts the imposition. It has long been a standing joke in England that it is no crime to cheat the tax-collector, but in France there are many people who would consider it a crime not to cheat the tax-collector.

In England the discussion rages wildly about the amount of the income tax. In France the discussion still rages about the principle of the income tax. While at home we ask whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer means to put on or take off a shilling, abroad it is rather asked why there should be such a contribution at all. Englishmen may try to keep their returns as low as possible; but more than once of recent days in France responsible authorities have themselves publicly deprecated the necessity of applying a law which they have inherited.

Whether M. Joseph Caillaux was or was not guilty of the unpatriotic conduct of which he was accused and condemned by the High Court of the Senate, he was at any rate guilty of introducing the hated income tax into France. Other things may be forgiven him, but this Radical innovation will hardly be forgiven him. It is possible that the judgment of his countrymen will change towards him when the war mists have cleared away. It is possible that some day he may even return to power. But what will weigh most heavily against him in the opinion of his compatriots is that he was the father of this new-fangled notion of demanding contributions to the State in accordance with the earning capacity of the citizen.

It is not that Frenchmen object to paying taxes. The legend that they are not prepared to give their bit should be dissipated. Why, they are taxed on a multitude of articles in a multitude of ways! Not even the household piano escapes. The Government demands doles on account of the humblest servant. In every café in Paris is a band, and on every band is a tax; and, as music has



EACH CONTAINING 2½ MILLIARDS OF CROWNS: BASKETS OF NEWLY PRINTED NOTES ARRIVING AT THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN BANK—A DAILY DELIVERY.

New paper money is printed in Vienna by the milliard (thousand million), and every day a motor-lorry is needed to bring the load of new notes to the State bank. Even 10,000-crown notes are found to be too cumbersome in bulk, and it is proposed to issue notes for 50,000 and 100,000 crowns. The Austrian crown was formerly worth 1 French franc, or 4-5ths of a German mark. Now, 1 mark is worth about 38 crowns; 1 franc, 560 crowns; and 1 dollar, 7000 crowns!—[Photographs by Frankl.]



ACCLAIMED AS THE MOST INTERESTING ACADEMY PICTURE OF THE YEAR: MR. CHARLES SIMS'S
PORTRAIT OF "THE COUNTESS OF ROCKSAVAGE AND HER SON."

Two Royal Academicians exhibit portraits of Lady Rocksavage in this year's Academy—Mr. Charles Sims and Mr. John S. Sargent—and the former's picture is being acclaimed as *the* painting of the year. The Countess of Rocksavage, it seems hardly necessary to point out, is the wife of the Marquess of Cholmondeley's heir, and is the daughter of the late Sir Edward Albert

Sassoon, second Baronet. Her brother—Sir Philip—is the third Baronet. She has three children, two sons, born in 1919 and 1920, and a daughter, born in 1916. With this number, by the way, we present a Royal Academy Supplement containing reproductions of many notable pictures. On another page we illustrate the special room assigned to advanced art.

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"AN ACADEMY, TO LIVE, MUST LIVE WITH LIVING MEN": A SPECIAL ROOM FOR "THE MORE ADVENTUROUS ARTIST."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT. (COPYRIGHT.)



THE ACADEMY'S FIRST RECOGNITION OF THE ADVANCED ART MOVEMENT: PRIVATE VIEW DAY IN GALLERY XI. ASSIGNED TO PICTURES OF THE MODERNIST SCHOOL.

Although of late years isolated examples of the modernist school have found their way into the Royal Academy, there has hitherto been no general recognition there of the advanced art movement. This year, however, its existence has been definitely acknowledged by the provision of a special room, Gallery XI, an innovation which is all to the good, if the Academy is to be truly representative of contemporary art, irrespective of individual opinion. It should be made clear, however, that the pictures in Gallery XI. are by no means a "freak" collection, for they include, among others, works by such painters as Mr. Alfred Munnings. At the Royal Academy Banquet on April 29, the President, Sir Aston Webb, said in his speech: "You will see signs of movement as you go round

our present exhibition, which I hope you will think—as we do—is an unusually good one. There are pictures and sculpture here to-day which will, we believe, be recognized as masterpieces later on. We are endeavouring to encourage sincere effort in whatever school it may be expressing itself, and to embrace in our membership all who have something to say that is worth saying. In doing this we are aware that we lay ourselves open to criticism from those who find little or nothing to admire in the work of the more adventurous artist; but an academy, if it is to live, must live with living men, and, while rejecting and declining to recognise excess and extravagance, must, on the other hand, show sympathy with aspirations which at first sight may seem strange and perhaps unacceptable."

N.B.—16-page Royal Academy Supplement inserted here.

THE BEST OF THE PICTURES.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1922.



"THE DRUMMER OF HIS MAJESTY'S FIRST LIFE GUARDS":
BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.

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"H.M. YACHT
'BRITANNIA'
ROUNDING
LYMPINGTON
SPIT BUOY IN
A SQUALL."
BY NORMAN
WILKINSON.



"THE BLUE
DRESS."
BY L.
CAMPBELL
TAYLOR.





"THE MARRIAGE OF
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES,
FEBRUARY 28, 1922."

BY RICHARD JACK, R.A.



"TWO JOCKEYS." BY FREDERIC WHITING.



"THE ECHOING VALLEY." BY VIVIAN FORBES.



"DEVAKI, MOTHER OF KRISHNA."
BY MARIANNE STOKES.



"THE PRODUCER" (SIR GERALD DU MAURIER).
BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.



"PASTORAL PLAYERS." BY PHILIP CONNARD, A.R.A.



"DRAKE AND THE RANSOM OF SAN DOMINGO, 1585."
BY ARTHUR D. MCCORMICK.



"THE LORD TREVETHIN, LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE
OF ENGLAND." BY R. G. EVES.



"THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD."
BY GEORGE HARCOURT, A.R.A.
FOR SOUTHWARK DIOCESAN HOUSE.



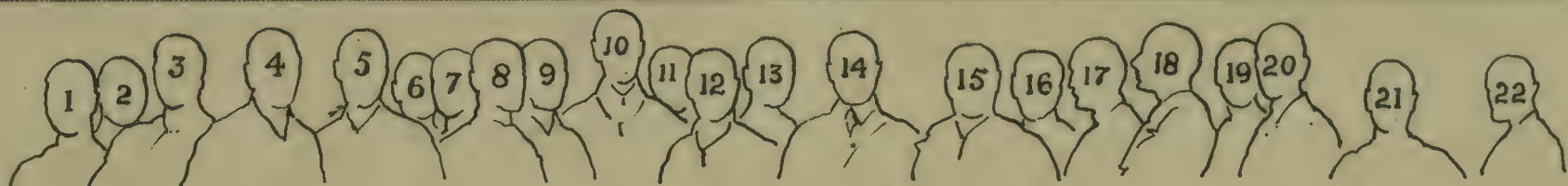
"EDWARD CARPENTER."
BY WALTER W. RUSSELL, A.R.A.



"THE VISCOUNT ULLSWATER."
BY FIDDES WATT.



"SOME GENERAL OFFICERS OF THE GREAT WAR."
BY JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.—FOR PRESENTATION BY SIR ABE BAILEY, BT., K.C.M.G., TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.



1. General Sir William R. Birdwood, Bt.
2. General Rt. Hon. Jan Christiaan Smuts.
3. General Rt. Hon. Louis Botha.
4. General the Lord Byng.
5. General the Lord Rawlinson.
6. Major-General Sir Henry T. Lukin.

7. Lieut.-General Sir John Monash.
8. General the Lord Horne.
9. General Sir George F. Milne.
10. Field-Marshal Sir Henry H. Wilson.
11. Major-General Sir Andrew H. Russell.
12. Field-Marshal the Lord Plumer.

13. General Sir John Cope.
14. Field-Marshal Earl Haig.
15. Field-Marshal Viscount French.
16. Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson.
17. Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Stanley Maude.

18. Field-Marshal Sir A. T. G. G. G.
19. Lieut.-General Sir William R. Marshall.
20. General Sir Arthur William Currie.
21. Lieut.-General the Earl of Cavan.
22. Major-General Sir Charles M. Dobell.



"SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD, D.C.L., MUS. DOC., PROFESSOR OF MUSIC IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE."
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON, BT., G.C.B., D.S.O., M.P."
BY OSWALD BIRLEY.



"MORNING SPLENDOUR." BY HENRY S. TUKE, R.A.



"BOTTICELLI'S STUDIO: THE FIRST VISIT OF SIMONETTA, PRESENTED BY GIULIANO AND LORENZO DE MEDICI." BY ELEANOR FORTESCUE BRICKDALE.

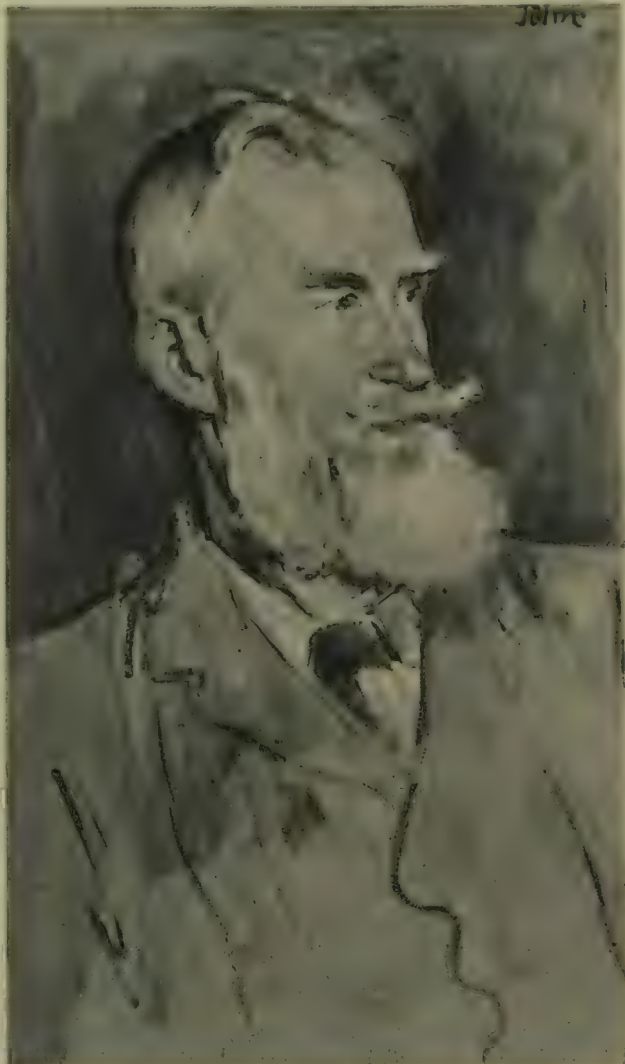


"ISAAC BELL,
ESQ., AND HIS
FOXHOUNDS,
KILKENNY."
BY ALFRED J.
MUNNINGS,
A.R.A.



"MRS. LEO-
POLD DE
ROTHSCHILD."
BY ALFRED J.
MUNNINGS,
A.R.A.





"G. BERNARD SHAW, ESQ."
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN, A.R.A.



"MRS. VALENTINE FLEMING."
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN, A.R.A.



"LADY SHANNON, WIFE OF THE PAINTER."
BY SIR J. J. SHANNON, R.A.



"BARBARA TREVOR WILLIAMS (MRS. ARTHUR GIBBS)."
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



"MRS. ERIC ROSE." BY EDMOND BROCK.



"THE LADY MANTON."
BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.



"MISS HARDMAN."
BY PHILIP CONNARD, A.R.A.



"MRS. WALTER RUSSELL."
BY WALTER W. RUSSELL, A.R.A.



"VISCOUNT MORLEY ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF LORDS, 15 DECEMBER, 1921."
BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.



"PORTA FELICE." BY FRED TAYLOR.

3000-YEAR-OLD WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS: THE ANCIENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE



1. "FOOTWEAR" MADE 3000 YEARS AGO: ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SANDALS IN MAN'S AND CHILD'S SIZES, AND A WOODEN PATTERN (CENTRE) FOR CUTTING OUT SOLES.



6. MUCH LIKE THOSE OF TO-DAY: A BESOM AND PAINT-BRUSHES, WICKERWORK STAND, TRAY, AND FIBRE-RING FOR BALANCING THE TRAY ON THE HEAD.



2. FOUND IN A HOUSE OF THE TELL EL-AMARNA WORKMEN'S MODEL VILLAGE: A PAINTED CLAY POT (14TH CENTURY B.C.).



3. EGYPTIAN POTTERY 3000 YEARS OLD: ANOTHER PAINTED CLAY POT FOUND IN THE WORKMEN'S MODEL VILLAGE NEAR TELL EL-AMARNA.



7. WITH THE ACTUAL TETHERING-ROPE STILL ATTACHED: A MANGER WHERE A DONKEY WAS TIED UP IN "MAIN STREET"; AND A LARGE WATER-JAR AT "NO. 4."

EGYPTIAN'S DAILY LIFE RE-ENACTED AMID HIS BELONGINGS.

EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY.



4. WITH A STONE TABLE FOR OFFERINGS IN FRONT: A DOORWAY, MADE OF STONE AND PAINTED RED, FOUND IN A SMALL HOUSE IN THE MAIN CITY, TELL EL-AMARNA.



8. WITH 14TH-CENTURY B.C. UTENSILS: POUNDING ORIGINAL GRAIN WITH WOOD PESTLE AND STONE MORTAR; A GIRL GRINDING AND A BOY SWEEPING, IN A FRONT ROOM.



5. BESIDE A FIRE OF OLD FUEL ON THE ORIGINAL HEARTH, WITH FLAT STONE TABLES AND CLAY SAUCER, ON THE STONE "DIVAN": A MODERN EGYPTIAN IN AN ANCIENT PARLOUR.



9. AS 3000 YEARS AGO: "NORTH PASSAGE" IN THE WORKMEN'S VILLAGE.—GIRLS CARRYING 14TH-CENTURY B.C. WICKER TRAYS AND WATER-JARS.

Among all the wonders of Egyptian antiquity, those discovered at Tell el-Amarna, in Middle Egypt, on the right bank of the Nile, some 150 miles above Cairo, are of unique interest. It was there that, about 1375 B.C., the young King Amenophis (or Amenhotep) IV., who afterwards took the name of Akhenaten, built his new capital, called Akhetaten, to be the centre of the monotheistic sun-worship which he introduced to take the place of the old polytheism at Thebes, the former capital. Excavations at Tell el-Amarna were resumed by the Egypt Exploration Society, after seven years, in the winter of 1920. The most interesting discoveries at the city itself were illustrated in our issue of February 5, 1921, with an article by Professor D. G. Hogarth, and August 6, 1921, with an article by Professor T. Eric Peet. In the present number we show the latest discovery—a model village built for workmen employed on Court tombs, about two miles from the city, as described by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley in his article on another page, where also will be found a ground-plan of the village

and a photograph giving a general view of the excavations. The above photographs show parts of the site in detail, and some of the objects unearthed there. Two passages from Mr. Woolley's article, abbreviated on the other page for reasons of space, may here be given in full. Describing the inhabitants of the village, he says: "These people, though under a certain discipline, were not slaves, but free Egyptian workmen, who lived with their wives and families enjoying quite as much comfort as those of their class elsewhere—far more than falls to the lot of the modern Egyptian *fellahin*." Again, describing the flat roofs of the houses, he writes: "As a great deal of the women's work was done on the roof, most householders would put up there some kind of shelter, some a mere awning of poles and canvas, some a more permanent structure of wattle and daub, and at least one indulgent husband provided his wife with a regular summer-house, whose walls were daily painted with papyrus patterns and religious texts."



Workmen's Model Dwellings of 3000 Years Ago:

EXCAVATIONS AT TELL EL-AMARNA.



By C. LEONARD WOOLLEY.

A VISITOR to the Egypt Exploration Society's camp last winter remarked that he had seen so many temples and tombs that he began to doubt whether there had ever been such a thing as a live Ancient Egyptian; only when he reached Tell el-Amarna could he realise that man's existence in those old days was something more than a preparation for the grave. The fact is that the cities and villages of Pharaonic times have almost all disappeared, and only at Tell el-Amarna can we see side by side the homes of noblemen and peasants who lived more than three thousand years ago.

The reason for this one survival is a fact of peculiar interest in itself. Akhenaten, who as a boy ascended the throne of Egypt early in the fourteenth century before Christ, was a religious reformer who tried to impose a new-fangled monotheism upon a country where gods were even more plentiful than usual. Unable at the old capital, Thebes, to avoid the painful sight of temples and monuments dedicated to the faith he had forsworn, he left it and built for himself a huge new capital on uncontaminated ground at Tell el-Amarna; and here, while the neglected Empire went to wrack and ruin, he devoted himself to the worship of the One God symbolised by the Disk of the Sun. Only for about twenty years did the dreamer enjoy his retreat; then he died or was killed; his mushroom city was laid under a curse by the priests of the orthodox faith; the Court returned to Thebes; the merchants and the artisans drifted away; and soon over the deserted and plundered houses the wind heaped up the sand which was to preserve them for the spade and camera of the modern archaeologist.

Two miles behind Akhenaten's city, in the cliffs of the high desert, lie the half-finished rock tombs of his courtiers; and in front of the tombs, in a sandy valley, we found the compound where lived the workmen employed in excavating them. It was not the normal Egyptian village, grown up haphazard by degrees, but a settlement built to order on the regular lines of a scheme of model dwellings for the working classes. We know from Theban records that the tomb-quarriers were a rough lot, given to riots and strikes, and so it was perhaps not merely for the convenience of having them close to their job that they were housed, not in Akhetaten itself, but out here in the barren desert, and that the settlement was walled all around and had but two small gates, and that there were sentry-boxes along the road leading to the city. Yet these people, though under a certain discipline, were not slaves, but free Egyptian workmen.

The compound was an exact square, subdivided into two unequal parts practically independent of each other. Through it from front to back ran straight narrow streets joined by cross-roads at either end, of which the front one just inside the main gate was almost wide enough to be called a square. All the houses except one, the overseer's, were of the same size and built precisely on the same plan; each had four ground-floor rooms, a front hall, a central living-room, a bedroom, and another small back room, which was either kitchen or staircase or both, and either in this back room or against the end of the front hall there was a flight of stairs leading up to the roof. In ancient as in modern Egypt the flat roof played an important part in the domestic economy, and, though these houses were really built with only one storey, yet, as a great deal of the women's work was done on the roof, most householders would put up there some kind of shelter.

The front rooms on the ground floor served all sorts of purposes. Here we found remains of the looms on which the women wove while their husbands were out at work; here the men kept their tools—the big wooden mallets, picks, adzes, and paint-brushes; or, in their spare time, made stone rings and vases, using a bronze drill worked with a bow. If there was no proper kitchen at the

one case (see photograph No. 4 on double-page) find the fibre tethering-rope still fast about the stick. Next to the manger, set in a circular stone base, was the great round-bottomed earthenware jar which held the family's water supply, refilled daily by the girls, who carried the water on their heads up from the city wells or from the yet more distant Nile.

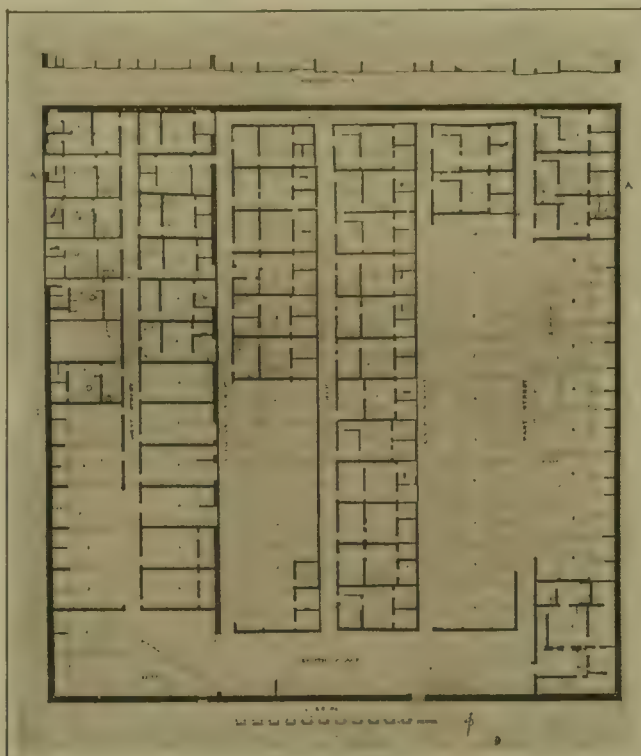
The central room was the main room of the house—the "best parlour"—and here custom imposed a respectable uniformity. A post in the middle supported the roof, which was rather higher than that of the rest of the house, so as to allow of little windows near the ceiling to let light in and smoke out. The walls were often faced with plain mud, as in the other rooms; but often, too, they were white-washed, and sometimes even decorated with coloured flower-friezes or figure designs in black and white. Decoration might be a matter of taste, but the general arrangements were quite stereotyped. Along one or two sides ran a low brick divan on which would be spread mats and pillows; here one sat with one's guests to talk or eat, and here at night slept those members of the family who were not provided for elsewhere; in front of this was a round hearth for a charcoal fire, with a hob at one side, where the saucepan was set to keep warm; and against the wall, in a shallow stone bath or over a vase buried rim-deep in the floor, stood a big jar of water for drinking and for the washing of hands. Flat stones, round or oblong, served as tables; and there were semi-circular three-legged stone stools or low wooden chairs with rush seats; beyond this there was no furniture at all. In the bedrooms there was even less; some people boasted a proper bedstead of wood with a cord mattress, but generally one spread one's bedding out on a low brick platform, or, more simply still, on the floor—which is just what one does to-day.

In the kitchen there was always a bread-oven wherein flat loaves were baked in rough clay platters, a small box-range for charcoal, one or two mud bins, and a railed-off place with a smooth floor into which was let a stone mortar where the wheat was bruised with a long wooden pestle (see photograph No. 7) for porridge.

Only one thing broke the uniformity of this model village. The gentleman at No. 24, West Street had evidently quarrelled with his neighbours, whom he met every time he went out; so one day he walled up his front door, partitioned off the front hall into a bedroom and kitchen, knocked the old back bedroom and kitchen into one, and cut a new door through the back wall into Long Wall Street. There was no disguising the hasty nature of his work, and the apparent anomaly of a single house facing the reverse way to all the rest soon made itself clear as the outcome of a fit of temper.

Quantities of objects had been left in the deserted houses to illustrate the habits of their occupants. We found the household pots and pans; the men's tools, and the women's spindles and the rope head-rings with which the girls balanced their pitchers, shoes and knives, combs and toilet utensils and beads, and all the odds and ends of personal finery, baskets of all sorts

and painted boxes, children's toys, the rough clay figures which served for primitive worship—for the king's philosophic monotheism meant little to these simple folk—and the amulets and charms of a still more primitive magic. Looking at it all, one pictures with a vividness almost uncanny the home life of these working men so long dead.



"THE COMPOUND WAS AN EXACT SQUARE": A GROUND-PLAN OF THE MODEL VILLAGE FOR WORKMEN BUILT NEAR AKHETATEN ABOUT 1370 B.C.

The scale shown below the plan is 20 metres long.

back of the house, then it is in the front room that we find the fireplace and the railed-off patch of smooth floor where the grain was picked over and the dough kneaded for bread-making. Here, too, the animals were brought in at night, for we came upon their tethering-stones let into the floor and the stone troughs for their watering. Donkeys—



EMERGING FROM THE DESERT SAND WHICH PRESERVED IT FOR THIRTY CENTURIES: THE AKHETATEN WORKMEN'S SETTLEMENT DURING EXCAVATIONS (LOOKING N.E.).

Photographs by Courtesy of the Egypt Exploration Society.

and most men would own a donkey—were often put at night into the little cupboard under the front stairs; but otherwise—or perhaps that was only in the daytime—might be left tied up in the street. We see outside the front door a brick manger having in one side a recess across which runs a stick embedded in the brickwork; and in

HOW THE ENGINE-ROOM BREATHES: A GIGANTIC LINER'S AIR-SHAFT.

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHT.)



ABOARD THE LARGEST CUNARDER, CONVERTED TO OIL-BURNING: A HUGE AIR-SHAFT IN THE "BERENGARIA."

The "Berengaria" (formerly the German "Imperator") recently arrived at Southampton after being re-conditioned and converted to the use of oil fuel at the works of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The passenger accommodation has also been improved, including the provision of a new ball-room for 250 dancers. On May 20 the "Berengaria" will take her place in the Cunard Channel service to New York *via* Cherbourg. She is the largest vessel of the Company's fleet, with a length, over all, of 919 ft., a

beam of 98 ft., and a gross tonnage of 52,022 tons. Our illustration, which gives an impressive idea of her enormous size, shows the interior space above the engine-room. The chief feature is the huge air-shaft which rises from the furnaces beneath to one of the funnels above. The smaller pipe to the left of the large flue carries waste steam from the safety-valves. "To look down," writes the artist, "from one of the narrow iron gangways, which surround in tiers this huge rectangular shaft, fills one with wonder and awe."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

A SOUTH-WEST wind and a magnificently rough sea beating the cyclopean masses of the retaining wall that keeps a little South-coast village safe from erosion have played an appropriate accompaniment to several nautical yarns. Books and place alike suggested the sea story, past and present, for the village was for long the home of a writer who seized the technicalities and personalities of modern seafaring, naval and mercantile, and gave the sailor's yarn a very different twist from the accepted type of Smollett, Marryat, and Clark Russell. In his hands the cult of tar and the grog-blossom yielded to that of efficiency, and he founded the new romantic tradition of the seaman whose lawful occasions are no longer with spars and cordage, but with complicated machinery. He found a hero in the young naval officer of to-day—clean, shrewd, hard-thinking, a type which has attracted a succession of later exponents, who have modified the ideal in accordance with the experience of recent active service. This development is still progressive and of increasing interest.

The older form also had its developments. Business in great waters took a fresh and more spiritualised form under the analytic hand of Conrad, and the old boisterous humours of Pipes and Trunnion survive, considerably chastened, in the coastwise drolleries of Jacobs. The adventure story pure and simple, turned too scrupulously to the high purposes of style by Stevenson, consequently missed fire at first with its young audience, but came into its own as soon as the critics got their hands upon "Treasure Island" in volume form. Having hit the old boys, the book finally persuaded the young boys that there was something in it, although its chief appeal will always be to the more mature. Pre-war exercises in the newer or Kipling manner bore good fruit in Bowles's "A Stretch off the Land," and "A Gun-Room Ditty-Box," and to this genre belong many of the post-war stories, particularly the work of that agreeable writer who gave us the genial and gallant officer known as Mouldy. This gentleman is a society type as well as a seaman, and much of his romance depends upon his shore-going adventures among the men and women, especially the women, he meets in country houses. Another writer has now taken this type a stage or two further in a novel full of curious sidelights on our present tangled world.

By some chance of "serendipity," as Horace Walpole called that odd force which makes all one's reading throw up examples and illustrations of the reader's chief interest at the moment, this novel, the title of which suggested rough stocking-wool and the moors rather than anything seafaring, got into the bundle of books beside "MY LIFE AND SOME YARNS," by Admiral H. L. Fleet (Allen and Unwin; 15s.), and the two volumes seemed to have little enough to say to one another. Still less perhaps, one would have thought, could an old story of Mr. Wells's, which, in pure wantonness, I hired for 2d. at the "library" (save the mark!) in my seaside village post-office, be of any use to the making of the present article. The temptation to take that comic library for text and nothing else was almost too much for my rigid sense of duty; but it would not have been "Books of the Day," by a very long period, so that entertainment must be reserved for some more strictly holiday occasion. To return to our sheep. The new novel, the old novel and the Admiral's yarns, all began to play commentators

to each other in the most amusing way, and then, to make the action of serendipity complete, the post brought in an unexpected parcel from which emerged two little brochures about our fighting ships. And so this week's page was fitted out in true naval style.

"Breezy" may be a hackneyed term, but it is the only word for the gallant Admiral's autobiography, which covers the period of transition from sails to steam in the Navy. Like Hood's Ben the carpenter, Admiral Fleet has "sailed to many a place that's underneath the world," and he abounds in anecdote which is none the worse for an occasional chestnut. His pictures of the last days of sailing-ships and of life aboard them make very pleasing documents of the older tradi-

a new series of delightfully written and prettily turned-out illustrated monographs on our fighting ships. The booklets are the work of two practised hands, Mr. L. G. Carr Laughton and Mr. Edward Fraser, whose "glass o' ship's" needs no bush. Mr. Laughton opens the series with the *Revenge*, and Mr. Fraser tells the story of the *Warspite*. Both vessels are taken through all their successive incarnations, the eight *Reveniges* and the seven *Warspites*, comprehensively described in about forty pages each. The series, not official, but blessed by the Admiralty, will be continued for all the vessels in the Royal Navy. The publishers are Messrs. Gale and Polden. The little books, miracles of tasteful format, combine a wealth of detail with brevity and picturesque style.

These records of transition, it has been hinted, found a curious accidental foil in a slightly elderly novel of Mr. Wells's, "The World Set Free." It was amusing, for example, to read Admiral Fleet's ingenuous and complacent opening confession that his family "is of typical English stock of the best type," and to recall Mr. Wells's summing-up of that stock's precepts to its sons—"they must play cricket, keep their hair cut, go to the old school their father had gone to, shirk the lessons he had shirked, learn a few scraps of Horace and Virgil and Homer for the confusion of cads, and all would be well with them." Barring the scientific novelist's too bitter touch about the reason for getting up some classical tags, the description, in general terms, fits in perfectly with our hearty old sea-dog's account of his origin and early training, which might be that of the average Service man. From the same typically British stock sprang the hero of the new novel that, promising nothing in common, has much akin to the present batch of books. It is yet another story of a young naval officer just released from service in the Baltic, and privately recommissioned for sporting and amorous adventures on shore. The title has nothing nautical about it. It is "HEATHER MIXTURE" (Blackwood; 7s. 6d.), and when I add that the author is "Klaxon," you know what to expect. The book is more than a good yarn, it touches many problems of the new age, and blends old tradition very cunningly with modern speculation. The imaginary upheaval of "The World Set Free" flung Barnet out of "that neat fool's paradise above there . . . the possessing, spending, enjoying class to which he belonged": actual world-war, with all its changes, has only slightly enlightened but not dispossessed that combative animal, the sportsman hero of "Klaxon's" novel. If you read it together with Mr. Wells's prophetic story, and with some of Kipling's Service, anthropological, and folk-lore fantasies, you will, I think, catch the points I have left myself no space to enlarge upon here, and will understand why this little chance collection of books about the sea and seamen so bravely entertained a stormy evening in a snug inn-parlour on the Sussex coast while the tearing south-wester roared up-Channel.

"THE BLUE BOY."

A few copies of the beautiful reproduction in colours of Gainsborough's famous picture, "The Blue Boy," which appeared in our issue of Feb. 18, are now available. Each is specially printed on thick paper, is suitable for framing, and can be obtained from *The Illustrated London News* Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C.2—price, 2s. 6d. each; postage, 6d.



AN IMPERIAL LADY WHO IS SELDOM PHOTOGRAPHED: THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN, WHO RECENTLY WELCOMED THE PRINCE OF WALES IN TOKYO.

The Empress of Japan, who welcomed the Prince of Wales to the Imperial Palace in Tokyo when he arrived on April 12, married the Crown Prince (now Emperor) Yoshihito (the 122nd of his line), on May 10, 1900. They have four sons. The Empress is the fourth daughter of the late Prince Michitaka Kujo, and was known before her marriage as Princess Sada-ko. She was born on June 25, 1884, and was educated at the Peeresses' School, graduating in 1899. Our photograph was taken at the Fukuoka Prefectural Office in Kyushu. Her Majesty, it will be noted, is wearing European dress.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

tion, and they are written, in Stevenson's picturesque phrase, "to the sound of slatting canvas." His painstaking minuteness descends even to the details of punishment, and we learn how naughty middies were birched upon a table covered with a mattress, while ship's boys were stretched across the breech of a gun to receive their "fifteen of the best." The record also extends to the etiquette of flogging the older hands. The Admiral takes his ships from his first joining to his retirement, in chronological order, and his account is a valuable contribution to the history of these vessels. His details of commissioning, service, and paying off, put the landsman up to endless intimate wrinkles of naval practice with more particularity than is usual in such memoirs, and the personal touches are always lively and human.

Talking of naval history, let me recommend the brochures already mentioned. They herald

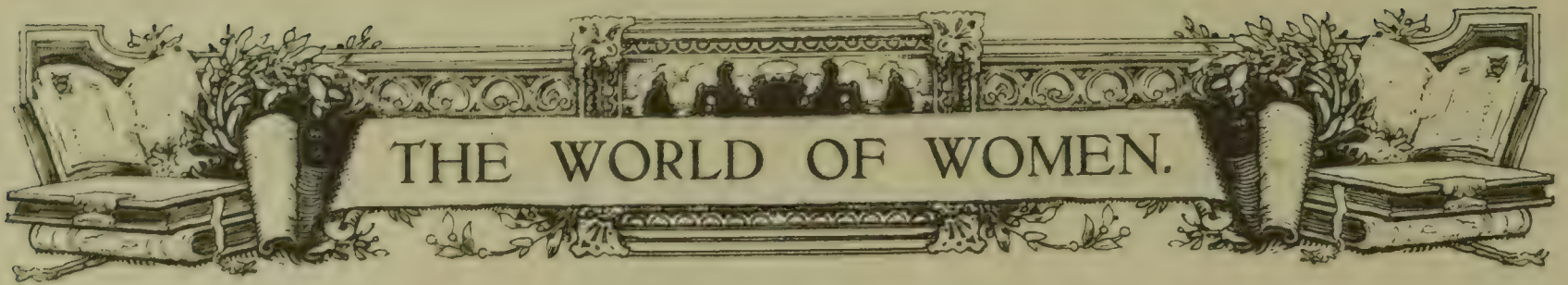
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PEOPLE, who are personages, are returning to town from winter resorts in readiness for whatever the coming season may have in store. The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel has let her fine and beautifully furnished and equipped house in Grosvenor Street to Mr. and Mrs. Corrigan, who were there last season, and who are very wealthy Americans with strong social leanings. Mrs. George Keppel is a hostess who will be greatly missed, as her talents in that direction are undeniable. With her daughters married, and having, it is said, lost financially through the Equitable failure, she will live quietly, but will ever be a welcome guest with a wide circle of friends. Lady Ribblesdale will entertain for her daughter, Miss Astor, at her fine house in Grosvenor Square. Lord Ribblesdale is better. He also is said to have suffered considerable financial loss recently. The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's eldest daughter, Lady Jean, is in her eighteenth year, and may be a débutante. If so she will, I think, be the only one of that rank, unless the Duchess

delicate and very lame man. His fortitude and amiability in bearing his handicap won him many friends and admirers. He loved books, and showed a great deal of talent in several directions. Since the war he was more than once very ill, and Princess Beatrice was extremely anxious, especially in June two years ago. Her Royal Highness suffers very much from rheumatism, and is not of the strongest. Like mothers in humbler walks of life, she has always been greatly devoted to her afflicted youngest son. Prince Maurice was, it will be remembered, shot while leading his men over a bridge in the war. He was the second son, and his death occurred before the change in the family title.

We women need not suppose that because it has been declared that members of our sex are eligible for attendance at levées of the Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, provided it be as representatives of some corporate body, we shall be eligible for attendance at his Majesty's levées in State. These are attended mainly by men who have personally rendered service to, or who are in the service of, the State. The Scots Courts and levées have always been Church functions, and the Church of Scotland is nothing if not democratic. The clothes of women at the Courts at Holyrood while the Lord High Commissioner and his wife are holding their annual week of entertaining are as varied as their ranks, from a duchess to the wife of a minister from the back of beyond, while men attend the levées in, for the most part, clerical and morning attire. These functions are taken very seriously, and much enjoyed by those who attend them, the majority of whom would regard dress at a Court at Buckingham Palace as little short of shocking, and a levée at St. James's Palace as a parade of the pride of life! For many reasons it seems unlikely that ladies at the Scottish Church levées

long nor short—anything from six to eight inches off the ground meets with her approval. Only a limited number of our sex have "the giftie gie'd us to see ourself as ithers see us." A man who is a doctor, and knows his anatomy, told me that until short skirts came in he had no idea that there were so many bandy and otherwise misshapen British women's lower limbs. He also said that he hoped skirts touching the ground would never come, as they were thoroughly unsanitary.



A BLACK-AND-WHITE SUNSHADE TO GO WITH A BLACK HAT.

The wide brim is entirely covered with gathered black taffetas, which is pinked at the edge. The sunshade is a delightful-looking affair in white taffetas, with a black-and-white rose and a spray of leaves to match. Both articles came from Debenham and Freebody.

The compromise suited him exactly. It failed to indicate bandiness and other faults, and it was neat and cleanly. So that's that!

I think that there is a tendency towards wearing larger hats and to showing the hair more, and also the face. Motoring in the open cars which are so beloved of youth made the "pull on" small hat a treasured fashion, and one which caused a distinct family likeness between all the smart young women of the day. Now, I understand, they begin to get tired of being mistaken for each other, or passed by people they know, and are desiring to vindicate their individuality rather than live in a herd. This is to the good, for we all like to see our girls' pretty faces and lovely hair, rather than a nose and mouth and chin, and overshadowed eyes, which contrive all to look puzzlingly alike. A friend just back from Paris tells me that things are far more comfortable there now than during the Easter rush, when the French capital was full of foreigners, and even the German language was heard, although it was spoken, she said, in lowest tones. Those things that the acute French tradespeople had prepared for the Easter foreign invasion are withdrawn until another is imminent. Now Parisiennes see those creations, that millinery and those accessories, made ready for themselves. My friend says that most of these things are very attractive, especially the hats. It is so easy to go to Paris now; lots of women go by the Air Express, and quite enjoy the trip with the Napier-engined aeroplanes, which last season carried passengers 71,530 miles without accident. We know the Napier motor engines below to be first rate, and they are now taking the lead aloft.

These are days when one is offered all manner of strange advice as to health—how to restore it, and how to keep it when we have it—from consulting Coué to consulting the heads of the medical profession, from eating next to nothing to eating well and drinking to match. In spite of being accused of the worst kind of vice, I offer advice as to eating Sun-maid Seedless Raisins. They are vigour-producing, and supply the body with fuel, being fruit sugar, that is good for those to whom other kinds of sugar are poison; also there is a lot of iron in them. One buys them anywhere at 3d. a packet; no chemicals are used in curing them. They are clean, and give you no sticky fingers. Americans cannot get on without chewing-gum, but Sun-maid Seedless Raisins are far more satisfactory and infinitely better for you.

A. E. L.



A NEW SPRING HAT—TO SAY NOTHING OF THE SUNSHADE.

Debenham and Freebody are responsible for this hat in black net and pleated grosgrain ribbon, with a fancy mount osprey at the side. The sunshade is made of rows of satin ribbon and lace.

of Buccleuch presents Lady Mary Scott, who will not be eighteen until December. As I write, the question of Courts remains unsettled, but one, possibly two, State Balls may be confidently looked for.

The news of the grave condition, after an operation, of Lord Louis Mountbatten was a shock to his many friends, because he had been, for him, very well just before it; the fatal termination was quite unexpected by his mother, who was in Sicily. He was at the Grand Military at Sandown, and seemed then in excellent spirits. Never strong, he insisted on taking a part in the war, and it probably proved too great a strain on a



FOR SUMMER DAYS.

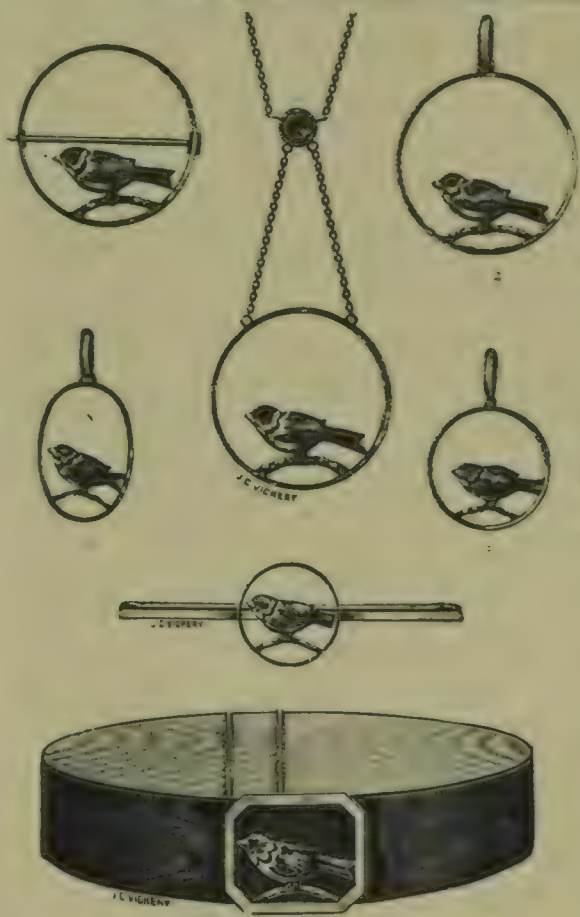
The hat is made of the fashionable organdie, and is tangerine in hue. It is lined and trimmed with satin of a deeper shade. The sunshade is faced with filmy cream lace. Both hat and parasol come from Debenham and Freebody.

will create a precedent for their attendance at those held by the King.

A sign that the Silly Season has not yet quite passed us by, is the number of articles we read about the battle of the skirt. That action was fought long since, and ended in compromise. The well-dressed woman wears her skirts neither

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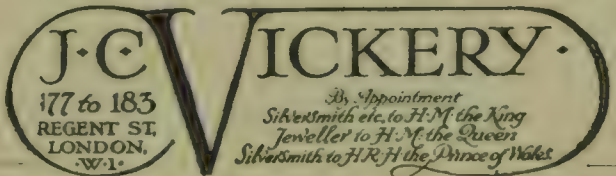


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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

BY J. T. GREIN.

ONE thing must be said of our late enemies: the war has taught them the great lesson of economy, which we have yet to learn, and this lesson has borne fruit not only in industry, but in art. Do my readers remember what I wrote last year about "Hasait," that wonderful process of changing scenes and furniture merely by light-projection? It is spreading fast and furiously across the Continent, but of course our managers know it not, for has not one of them applied to the Dresden State Theatre for enlightenment? No doubt in twenty years, somehow, somebody will illuminate the London Press with the discovery. Hot on the heels of Hasait comes the Kreisler Stage, the invention of three clever men, Meinhard, Bernauer, Gade, which threatens a reform so drastic that it may lead to an entirely new formula of the drama, the formula which dramatists have as eagerly sought as the alchemists of old sought the Philosopher's Stone, whereby dross would be turned into gold.



VERY GRACEFUL AND WELL-TRAINED COMPETITORS IN THE WOMEN'S OLYMPIC GAMES AT MONTE CARLO: SWEDISH GIRLS IN A GROUP DANCE.

Among the many attractions during the Monte Carlo season, not the least was the Women's Olympic Games. The British team won most of the events, and, as seven countries were represented, it is clear that sport among British women is far from decadent. M. Camille Blanc, who originated the Games, is to be congratulated on the success of this unique meeting.—[Photograph by J. Enrietti.]

We have in the Coliseum—the best-equipped theatre of London, thanks to Sir Oswald Stoll—the turning stage; the stage in quadrants, which puts one scene in readiness while another is being played. (Of course that, too, is a German invention, on the Continent as old as the hills.) Now, the Kreisler Stage is the superlative of the turning stage. It was tried with success in Berlin at a performance of "The Fantastic Melodrama," the wonderful stories of Conductor Kreisler, for which no less than forty-two changes of scenery were required: twenty in the first act, twelve in the second, and ten in the third; all of which occurred, including the entr'actes, in two and a half hours. The Kreisler Stage claims that it is applicable to any piece, of any kind; that it can be set and unset in a few hours; that, running on rails as it does, it functions without

noise; that no motive power is required; that it allows not only the lightning change of a scene, but (and this is most important) it can display three or four different scenes at the same moment. For instance, given an hotel, you might see the comedy and tragedy of humanity in adjacent rooms without any tax on the imagination. Lastly, the Kreisler Stage will cost about one-third of the ordinary scenic devices; there is economy of space, of framework, of canvas. It sounds like fairyland, but it is true. One of the great secrets of its success is its concentration. It is like a casement full of illumination, while the rest of the stage is practically non-existent owing to the black-out. But suppose you want to show a vision. Well, there are two quadrants, one showing the natural, the other a subconscious state of mind of the characters.

The young poets of Germany are so carried away by this *Nirvana* of infinite possibilities that already they talk of revolution of the drama,

and set to work to give that to the State which the present mechanical conditions have forbidden—namely, the translation of phases and thoughts



A HIGHLY DECORATIVE TOUCH IN ATHLETIC COSTUME: CZECH GIRLS IN NATIVE DRESS WHO COMPETED IN THE WOMEN'S OLYMPIC GAMES AT MONTE CARLO.—[Photograph by J. Enrietti.]

without the destructive influence of entr'actes and pauses, which always destroy illusion. As I write, Mr. William Rea and Mr. Basil Dean are in Berlin to study the actual position of the German Stage. I hope they will not miss the opportunity to see the Kreisler Stage. It sounds like the Millennium, and, if it is so, by all means let us borrow from the ex-enemy whatever he can give us, in requital for the attitude of our Government towards German regeneration.

Noise and vibration in modern life and their effect on health have been discussed of late. In this connection it may be noted that the Great Northern Railway Company is introducing, on its King's Cross to Aberdeen route, new first-class sleeping-cars with "anti-noise" devices and specially constructed beds. The floors, roof, and sides will be double, with layers of felt between to deaden sound. Means of lessening vibration have also been adopted. Passengers as they lie in bed can reach the switches controlling the lights, heat-regulator, bell, fans, and ventilators. The charge for a sleeping-car is 15s. between stations in England, and £1 when one station is in Scotland.



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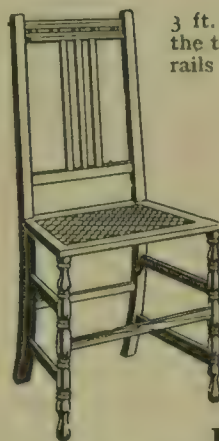
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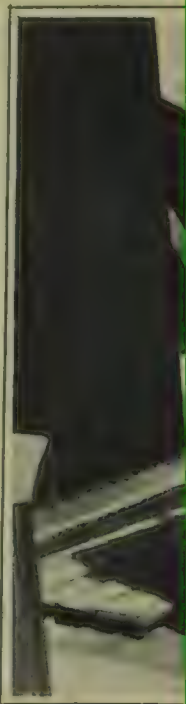
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE CARD-PLAYERS." AT THE SAVOY.

IN the new Haddon Chambers play, as in "Running Water," the heroine is a young girl who, on joining the father she scarcely knows, finds out that he is the leader of a gang of rogues; but there any likeness ends, and all theatre-goers need trouble about is the different ways in which a novelist and a born playwright handle similar material. Mr. Mason's method was discursive, and left the relation of father and daughter in the background to move from excitement to excitement; Mr. Chambers will be seen concentrating on the sentimental factor of the situation, and so providing more moving as well as more compact drama. We may have our doubts, perhaps, about a card-sharper turning over a new leaf with his daughter's arrival home from convent school; there Mr. Chambers lets sentiment have too much headway. But there is no denying that his minor rascals are genuinely individualised, that Eileen herself is as sweet as a flower in her gay innocence, and that in the gentle-hearted, self-depreciating Vicar to whom the arch-cheat makes confession we get a portrait that is as human as it is lovable. Nor can one see any other road out of the tangle in which Eileen's father had involved himself by swindling the lad his child was likely some day to marry than the road of death he is made to take. The play marches consistently enough to an inevitable finish, and has but one serious weakness—the rhetoric, now cynical, now self-excusing, put into the mouth of the penitent card-sharper. This at one point delays the action so that not even the eloquence of Mr. Godfrey Tearle, who lends such picturesqueness to the man's bearing, and puts passion and tenderness into his scenes, can quite reconcile us to the prolixity of his remorse. Neat sketches of the arch-cheat's confederates are supplied by Mr. Lyall Swete and Mr. Martin Lewis; we have a real boy in Mr. John Williams's boy-baronet; and there is charm



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